

Special Features This Issue

A Good Day for Meeting People
In the Good Old Days – The Flying Proa
Boats of Guatemala – Boats of the Netherlands
Boats of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution

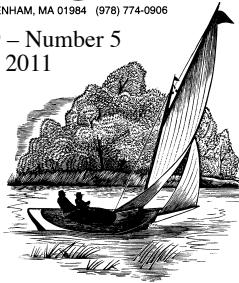


messing about in **BOATS**

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

On July 9, boatbuilder Harold Burnham launched his latest traditionally built schooner, *Ardelle*, before an enormous crowd in the historic shipbuilding town of Essex, Massachusetts, where hundreds of the famous Gloucestermen fishing schooners were built over the past 200 years. I have been devoting our center spread pages to the progress on this shipbuilding project since February and this issue completes our coverage. There remains much yet to be done fitting out *Ardelle* for her summertime role as a "dude" schooner available for charters from Gloucester's Heritage center on that city's working waterfront, but the launching, by its dramatic nature, provides a fitting climax for our coverage.

Perhaps I am somewhat provincial in devoting so many pages over several issues to Harold's work, as no doubt there are, and have been, other similar ambitious shipbuilding efforts around the country. My subjective interest in what Harold Burnham is, and has been, doing comes easily as his yard is only ten miles away and I have known him since he was a high schooler rescuing and restoring Beetle Cats. The fact that he is a direct descendant of several generations of boatbuilders who worked right where he now lives and works enhances his status as deserving of such attention. His growth from rescuing and restoring small boats to designing and building his own larger craft using the skills and techniques of his predecessors further enhances his stature in my eyes as an outstanding practitioner of traditional boat building.

The response of the local boatbuilding community to Harold's undertaking building of *Ardelle* for his own account has been outstanding. Throughout the whole process, including all that outdoor work throughout a terrible winter, volunteers have been at his side, many already highly skilled in various aspects of the task, others willingly learning from Harold as the work moved along. And the work moved along without time off, often after dark under lights, and in rain and snow as the immediate task at hand required. Harold had set his timetable for a June launching and he missed it by just a bit on July 9, this achieved without any paid help.

Those who undertook this volunteer labor were sharing in an historic experience, which was, in itself, reward enough for their efforts. The chance to work with so skilled and effective a boatbuilder was not to be missed by anyone local with a love for old-time shipbuilding.

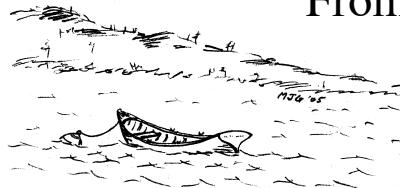
Beyond the wooden boat "community" the town of Essex itself took increasing pride and interest in what was happening on the river where once a dozen or more shipyards turned out those fishing schooners. Across a tidal creek from Harold's yard, the Essex Shipbuilding Museum, on the site of the famed Arthur D. Story yard, had a "shore-side" seat for this re-enactment of local shipbuilding history at no cost to the museum's limited funds. The town's school system incorporated this bit of living history into its curriculum and school kids got to see a wooden ship grow before their eyes and share in the thrilling moment when *Ardelle* was launched.

Laurie Fullerton set up a website and an ongoing blog which, featuring narration of what was happening and photo coverage from Dan Tobyne and others, reached out to many far and near, keeping all up to date with progress. It was her efforts that provided us with our monthly two-page center spread coverage. Locally, Cape Ann news media chronicled progress all along, often with front page feature articles, and Boston's major newspaper, the *Boston Globe*, devoted major space to the happening at the launching.

Harold started really young and now in his 40s is well on his way to a lifetime of real achievement practicing and preserving wooden shipbuilding as a living, not as a "museum" operation. I feel privileged to have been able to monitor, and often report on his progress. I recall at the launching about ten years ago of the Shipbuilding Museum's Chebacco boat, *Lewis H. Story*, when Harold first undertook to try the risky appearing side launching technique, having Essex shipbuilding historian Dana Story, last in the line of Story family shipbuilders on the original site, saying to me as the *Lewis H. Story* slid down the ways successfully on its side, "I never dared to try that. I have the greatest respect for Harold!"

On the Cover...

Harold Burnham's pinky schooner *Ardelle* hits the water in early July in the traditional Essex (MA) side launch he has resurrected from bygone schooner building times, climaxing an ongoing building process that began last fall and carried on right through the winter outdoors, uninterrupted by some of the worst winter weather we've experienced hereabouts. Supplementing our centerspread featuring the progress of building *Ardelle* that we've run since February, Harold tells us in this issue about this launching technique and much more about his experiences building several of these historic craft.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
(Stonington, Connecticut)
Copyright 2006 by Matthew Goldman

I'm anchored again in Point Judith Pond, Rhode Island, aboard my old sloop, *MoonWind*. This is an estuarine pond, three miles long, connected to the Atlantic. At its mouth dock the fishing fleet and the car ferries to Block Island.

It began to rain yesterday afternoon. I returned from my excursion to Snug Harbor and battened down to count my groceries, write my memoirs, and read some of the dozen books I brought with me. Today it rains and rains and then, for good measure, dumps water all over everything. The great blue heron, bedraggled as any fisherman can be, stands patiently in the shallows of Gardiner Island awaiting a fish. A cormorant perches on a fast disappearing, tide-wrapped rock far out in the pond and grooms her lovely self with her fiercely-hooked beak.

I've removed the uppermost drop board from my companion-way, and sheltered by the overhang of the sliding hatch, peer out with my binoculars at my grey and streaming world. My Whitehall pulling boat, tethered astern, slowly fills up with sweet water.

This afternoon twenty-two little sloops, a quarter-mile up the pond, race round and round and round some marks in the rain. The open committee boat dashes about to urge or discipline them with its blitting horn. This goes on for an hour. The marks lie close together and the sailboats bunch, though many proceed in opposite directions. They remind me of water striders that skitter aimlessly on a pool.

The mouth of Point Judith Pond, a mile away, is wreathed in mist. It's another of those muted, ash and pearl and slate and jade afternoons that defy description. Had I left at the gape of dawn when the weather lulled, I might have been anchored in Great Salt Pond at Block Island, ten miles away, to watch the rain over there instead of here.

I have been away from home nearly two weeks. I am nearly out of propane. I am nearly out of coffee. I don't know which is worse. The

I sit and watch with detached calm as the vertical wall of water hits my 17' rowing wherry directly on the beam and the top half of the wave topples onto me and into my boat. As I slide sideways half full of water toward the rock pile that marks the entrance to Onset Harbor, the second wave hits and I am now almost onto the rocks. Fortunately the third wave is not as powerful as the first two, the boat responds to my belated efforts on the 9'oars and we slide past the turbulence and the rocks and back out into deeper water.

Holy #@*, what the *#@ happened? I had seen the tug and tow slowly passing through the Hog Island Channel heading towards the Cape Cod Canal. I saw the modest wake. I knew how close the rock pile was. I have rounded this rock pile hundreds of times on my daily rows over the last 30 years. The calculation was made, the wake wouldn't be a problem, I would round ahead of it and if we did get mixed up that little wake wasn't going to be anything to worry about. Now I'm half full of water, listening to a series of quick toots from the tug captain and I'm sure he's laughing at the display I just put on "OK, skipper, glad I could bring a little amusement to your otherwise routine day. Hope you enjoyed the show."



little store adjoining the café has coffee but no propane. I may have to go ashore and gather sticks to cook my breakfast. The ice in my cooler has melted, but I've little left to keep cold.

A great lethargy has come over me. I feel reluctant to move. Tomorrow it means to clear and I should clear out. Block Island doesn't appeal to me now. On the news, they tell of a whale washed up on its shore. If the weather turns warm and the breeze stays out of the south, my nose will tell me all I need to know of her demise.

Not only the weather, but the lack of companionship has dampened my spirit. My spiritual barometer has fallen. Two hours before the unseen sun settles behind Snug Harbor, mist and drizzle descend upon the pond. A pall enshrouds the islands; I can scarcely see my Whitehall, 20' astern.

Talking to my journal evokes no response. My books contain but millions of dirty marks. The classical music on the radio labors lugubriously. The jazz jangles. The blues leave a bitter taste upon my tongue.

But Paula returns home soon from the isle of Rhodes in the Aegean. What tales she'll have to tell me! Three thousand years of history have swept the isles of Greece. New England's boast of four hundred years of European dominion is but a beginning. The Native Americans left few traces behind them. Though the rocks over here probably equal in age the ones in Greece, it's the art and architecture of man that arouses in me a sense of proportion, an endless quest for perfection.

The awe inspired by a cliff overhanging the sea should not be compared with the elegance of a tower or a cathedral. The natural world is stately but impersonal. Its majesty and compulsion never require our comprehension. Though the mountain crumbles, yet will it outlast everyone alive. Though the ocean die of pollution, yet will it rage against the shore forever.

The Colossus at Rhodes, one of the Seven Wonders of the ancient world, stood for less than a century before an earthquake toppled it into the sea. The genius once housed by Alexandria's library swirls in the least breeze. But, despite these setbacks, we, as a race, have striven and striven and shall strive for all our years.

The urgency, the poignancy, the glory, the despair of civilization: all are inflicted on me by architecture and the arts. I understand the grand passion, the argument with mortality, the striving for beauty. My years diminish, my creativeness does not. I need to explore every medium; learn every craft; enshrine my soul in sculpture, artwork, words. What would I not attempt with these two hands, this mind, this heart?

I finish my rice and beans and wash my plate.

Rogue Wake

By Jon Aborn
Barnstable, Massachusetts

What I failed to consider was the current coming out of Onset Harbor. As the tug's incoming wake met the ebbing tide the two energies combined and produced the ugly vertical wall that so surprised me.

Back in open water I collect myself. It's August, the water is warm, there is no real problem here. The wherry has enough flotation to support me and allow self recovery when completely full of water and we are nowhere near that. This is easily fixed. I flip open the Andersen automatic bailer and continue on my way. Slowly the water clears from the bilge and by the time I round Sias Point and head back into Buttermilk Bay the boat is mostly dry and I snap the bailer shut.

Pretty stupid. If I'd had the presence of mind to put the bow into the wake the wherry would have easily handled these conditions. I should have realized the current was ebbing out of Onset Harbor. I knew the tug was in front of me. I should have realized what I was rowing into. I just didn't connect the dots.

This is the most protected of all my regular rowing routes. When it is too windy to go out onto the open waters of Buzzards Bay I row this course. There isn't enough fetch for any seas to build and I can always find a protected shore to hug. There wasn't even any wind on this day. It's like what happened to a guy I know, a skilled tree surgeon who mostly works hanging by his toes 30' in the air. He cut himself badly with a chain saw while sawing a pile of 4' logs into fireplace length in a customer's back yard. The tasks are mundane and regular and the mind wanders. I was just too complacent.

There was never any real danger, worst case scenario was an embarrassing scene if the wake had overwhelmed me and maybe I bounced off the rock pile and suffered a few dings. Or maybe I could have been forced to take a minute and bail with the 5gal pail that I always carry while some concerned and well intentioned fisherman circled around me in his overpowered center console causing more worry and maybe greater risk.

Back at the ramp I backed the trailer down to the water's edge and slid the boat into place. A quick half hitch on the tie down and I was on my way, feeling a little more reflective than usual and much more humble.



Adventures & Experiences...

Another Small Boating Family in Kansas

We'd like to sign up our friend Bryan for a year's subscription as a thank you gift for coaching our daughter's (and his also) soccer team. Bryan has caught the small boat bug, having recently built two skin-on-frame kayaks and a fleet of Puddle Ducks (PD Racers) for his whole family. Our families have enjoyed many messabouts on local lakes. As long term subscribers we were overjoyed to find another family who enjoys small boating in Kansas.

Congratulations on 29 years of *MAIB*.
Vaughn & Sharon Salisbury Lawrence, KS

20 Years with *MAIB*

The September issue will mark 20 years for me with *MAIB*. Wow! Back then a bunch of us Indiana guys would go north to Sutton's Bay, Michigan, every August. One of us, Tom Grimes, hooked me on sailing 17 years ago. He has since survived a chainsaw accident and a heart attack. I had a 4X heart bypass in '04 but had 100% recovery. Two other of us old geezers are gone. One of our GITs (Geezers in Training) has survived a stroke. All of us left are sailing still.

I'm modifying a 1975 Compac 16 with gunwales and a platform bowsprit to do an Ohio River cruise. But I may not get to Suttons Bay this summer as my wife has just had a hip replacement.

Best regards from the Old Geezers.
Larry Bracken, New Albany, IN

It Still Feels Good

Your April "Commentary" reveals the melancholy we all feel as we age, but I am with you for the long haul. I did not know any of those designers you spoke of except for Robb White, a curmudgeon who was a pen pal of mine. We were of the same age, same opinion on telephones, email, excesses of all kinds, etc. I am a gunsmith with 40 years in the trade and, like Robb, enjoyed being myself in a trade I enjoy. His death devastated me, although I never met him personally (I don't go anywhere either), I felt him to be a kindred spirit. Thank you for turning me onto the collection of his short stories.

My yawl, which I have kept and sailed for 30 years, sits at the dock behind my house (bought back when ordinary people could afford to buy waterfront property). I don't use it much anymore but it is my past and I will not give it up until I have to. Cruising the Gulf with my wife as my crew just isn't a great idea anymore as two 70-year-old people just don't do two on and two off like we did back in 1979. Howsomever, it still feels good to bash across Pensacola Bay on a Sunday afternoon and show what a varnished and polished old CCA yawl can do to give the boating public an appreciation of beauty.

I spent this day restoring an old Dyer Dink (and will spend many more before it is done). Messing about will be my swan song, keep *MAIB* going, I appreciate your efforts

Rick Rankin, Pensacola, FL

Wind in the Willows

My middle son, Alexander, is a civilian mariner with the Military Sealift Command (MSC). He is currently on an MSC-manned replenishment ship servicing warships in the anti Libya campaign. Although they are busy, he does get enough time off to explore the ship's library.

Alex is basically the handyman, jack-of-all-trades type you'd like nearby when things go terribly wrong, but he is also of a thoughtful and philosophical bent. I'd like to quote from one of his recent emails since it describes a delicious discovery, similar to those that many *MAIB* readers have had, and he then goes on to make a surprising commentary about what MSC and he do.

"Why wasn't I introduced to the book *The Wind in the Willows* (Kenneth Grahame 1859-1932) as a child? Where Mole goes out and meets Rat next to a river, which he has never seen before. The Rat takes him out in his boat, much to the delight of the Mole. The Mole is not quite sure what the boat is for but describes his experience quite eloquently and comes up with the phrase "Messing About In Boats" (this must be where Bob Hicks got his magazine name from, I would imagine).

"In or out of 'em it doesn't matter. Nothing seems to matter, that is the charm of it. Whether you get away, or whether you don't; whether you arrive at your destination or whether you reach somewhere else, or whether you never get anywhere at all, you're always busy, and you never do anything in particular, and when you've done it there's always something else to do, and you can do it if you like, but you'd much better not."

That pretty much describes the popular boating scene. MSC provides a very similar experience with the exception of actually having a mission and purpose. Many of the basic elements of this quote still prevail. What do you know, I'm out here Messing about in Ships!!! In or out of 'em, it doesn't matter... there is always something to do."

By the way, I plead guilty to not introducing him to *The Wind in the Willows*. Just never got around to it and, besides, he was too busy ransacking my library for other nautical books. I remember with delight the sizable impact on him (and me, too) from reading Joe Garland's wonderful *Lone Voyager: The Extraordinary Adventures of Howard Blackburn* for the first time.

Hugh Ware, Peabody, MA

Information of Interest...

Open Shop at Hall's

Come on down to Hall's Boat Corporation in Lake George, New York, if you are in our area on the dates listed below, to our Saturday Morning Open Shops. Boatworks Manager Reuben Smith will talk about work being done on wooden boats currently in the shop and welcomes questions or ideas from visitors about their own projects. Each event includes a special skills session. On any given day about a half dozen boats are on the shop floor getting full restorations, being

built from scratch or just having minor repair work done.

Remaining dates for 2011 are: August 13, September 3, October 1 and November 5. Events are free but advance registration is required by phone at (518) 668-5437 or email info@hallsboat.com.

Hall's Boat Corp, Lake George NY

Penobscot Marine Museum Celebrates 75th Year

Maine's oldest marine museum is celebrating its 75th year with new exhibits ranging from contemporary art to historic artifacts. The signature exhibit for the year, "75 for 75," will showcase 75 artifacts from the museum's 75 years. Ranging from marine paintings and domestic artifacts to ship models and full size boats, "75 for 75" is spread across several of the museum's 13 buildings. "It's kind of a capsule history of the museum which is, itself, an ongoing record of Maine's and Searsport's maritime histories," said the museum's curator, Ben Fuller.

A second new exhibit, "The Art of the Boat," will present works by more than 50 contemporary painters, sculptors and photographers exploring the themes of the boat as a work of art and the boat builder as artist. "We asked artists to balance the art that is in the boat with their own artistic vision," said Fuller. The exhibit was juried by a panel consisting of an art writer and critic, a yacht designer, an artist and an art collector, which selected from more than 300 submitted works in all media. The exhibit is presented to honor the memory of George S. Wasson, a Maine artist, author and boat builder who was one of the museum's spiritual founders 75 years ago.

The museum has also renovated one of its longest running exhibits so comprehensively that it constitutes a third new exhibit in many ways. "Working the Bay" tells the story of the economic evolution of the Penobscot region, focusing on industries such as quarrying, lumber, fishing and ship building, and it includes several new hands-on features for younger visitors.

Maine's oldest maritime museum, Penobscot Marine Museum is home to outstanding collections of historic boats, photography, marine art and artifacts, ship models and 19th century furnishings and architecture. Penobscot Marine Museum is at 40 E Main St (US Rte 1) in Searsport, between Camden, Bangor and Bar Harbor. Admission is free for Searsport residents. More information is at www.PenobscotMarineMuseum.org or call (207) 548-2529.

Reuben's Still with Us

Jay Benford just wrote me that someone told him you'd reported in your January 2008 issue that I'd passed away, with the comment, "Sadly, Reuben is no longer with us and his company no longer exists..." I'm still here on earth. As the famous Mark Twain quote goes, "Rumors of my death have been greatly exaggerated."

Florida Bay Boat Company, the original company I had that built the Hens, is, sadly, no longer with us. Right now I have Island Pilot LLC. My latest project is a trailerable, diesel electric solar hybrid, check our website if this is of any interest (www.dsehybrid.com).

I have always enjoyed your publication when I've had the chance to read it. Best wishes from the still living,

Reuben Trane, Executive Director, Island Pilot LLC

A Manatee Will Bump You

In his excellent article in the May issue, "The Silver River," Hugh McManus asks in his final sentence, "Have manatees ever bumped a kayak?" My answer is, "Yes, Hugh, a manatee will bump you."

In April of 2010 my wife and I were vacationing in Sarasota, Florida. We are experienced kayakers so, as we usually do, we rented two kayaks for a few hours paddle on Little Sarasota Bay east of Siesta Key. We were paddling along about 100 yards offshore in 4'-5' of water when I was suddenly thrown, boat and all, about 4' into the air. Off to my left I could see a large body frothing in the water. I began to paddle away as fast as I could when up I went again, bumped by something under the boat. This time I came down hard at about a 45° angle, wrenching my neck. Luckily, I didn't turn over.

After that all was quiet. The guy who rented us the kayaks said it was probably a female manatee warning me to stay away from her baby.

Frank Barbieri, Portland, ME

Rags & Willets

I have met a wonderful 83-year-old subscriber to *MAIB*, Rags Ragsdale, because of my earlier letter about building a boat for my B-17 motor. You should have him write an article about himself and all the boats he's built.

Willets canoes are a favorite topic of mine. I bought a sailing Willets out of my first *Paddle Trails Canoe Club Bulletin* after joining the club in 1977 from a dying doctor on the Hood Canal. Still have it. I also have a copy of an old (1930s, I think) *National Geographic* article about a Boy Scout trip in Willets canoes from Puget Sound up the Inside Passage to Alaska. This lurks somewhere in my storage unit.

Bill Trumbull, Helena, MT

Editor Comments: Rags Ragsdale submitted a number of stories to us back some 15 or so years ago, good to know he's still keeping on.

Boating Business in Decline

Some 2009 boating sales data from the trade magazine *Boating Industry* show how much the business has shrunken from the economic collapse. Perhaps some readers might find these figures of interest:

A 16-year review of sailboat sales shows units sold dropped from 13,000 in 1994 to 5,400 in 2009. Total retail value dropped from peak of \$287,520,000 in 1995 to \$197,000,000 in 2009.

A 16-year review of PWCs shows units sold dropped from 191,000 in 1995 to 44,500 in 2009. Unit prices, however, rose from \$5,665 to \$11,242, despite which, total retail value dropped from \$1,208,648,000 in 1996 to \$500,000,000 in 2009.

Look to me like the PWCs are dying out!
Jim Thayer, Collbran, CO

Model Boat Kits Info

Here are a couple of interesting websites. Milton Thrasher is one of us "boatnuts" who builds model boat kits with precision laser cut parts. In fact, he's looking for the plans for the new J boat *Lionheart* to do an r/c model. The other is from Mike Jones for a site of really old boat plans that you can buy cheap. Some of these boats even have fins.

<http://www.angelfire.com/fl4/mft/>

<http://dngoodchild.com/>

Dave Lucas, Cortez, FL

San-Pram, Sanpan, Sampan, Etc

Re: Phil Thiel's intriguing pedal design... being curious about both boat types and etymology, I scurried to my copy of *Aak to Zumbra—a Dictionary of the World's Watercraft*, published by The Mariner's Museum at Newport News in 2000 (5,600+ entries). It lists "sanpan" as an alternate spelling, but also says a "sanpan" was a small sailing punt peculiar to Put-in-Bay on Lake Erie in the late 19th century. *A to Z* gives it a length of about 2.4m (~7'10"). So I learned a new one.

The name "sampan" has covered, at one time or another, in one area or another, just about every plank built vessel toward the left side of the Pacific, and even a few dug-outs. For obvious reasons of language, it has been spelled shampan, siampan, sanban, tampan, sampaan, cempaan, champan, champann, chanpan, saam paan, sampang and ±15 others and, with suffixes, accounts for about 38 of the 5,600 listed names.

While there are 400 illustrations of types in the volume, none is of the Erie sanpan. As "punt" pretty much describes the same thing, but with very little sheer, I'm guessing that the Erie model had more and so was given this name. Does any reader know? Know the rig? Sounds like the forerunner of the Optimist!

Irwin Schuster, Tampa, FL <irwin.schuster@verizon.net

Information Wanted...

Old Boating Posters Wanted

I appreciate that you use my "Shiver Me Timbers" cartoons every month and I always share the periodical with my students and have back issues available for them to read and comment upon the content.

Each school year we are required to have a theme for our classrooms. For the 2011-12 our room will be "Tigertown Harbor." I was wondering if you might have any old boating posters lying around the office that I could post on the walls. Anything nautical would do. I can pay postage if so. Thank you for your consideration.

Robert L. Summers, PO Box 1917, Hiram, OH 44234-1917, (330) 569-3294, rsummers@config.com

Editor Comments: Can anyone help out Robert?

Large Catboat Plans

I am looking for some plywood plans of large 25' or larger cat boats.

Bill Green, litefoot8888@gmail.com

Looking for *Sagamore*

I just got a letter off to the only Slocum Society address I found trying to find any information on my *Sagamore* which I had to sell in the late 1980s. Any information on her whereabouts will be appreciated.

Neal Small, 2 Grace Ct, #4R, Brooklyn, NY 11201

Projects...

News from Labrie Small Craft

The 2011 *WoodenBoat* Show was as much fun as always. There were lots of folks there with a real interest in boats; a very knowledgeable crowd. I'll be back there again next year. Mystic Seaport is one of my favorite places.

The boat that we displayed this year is a 20' sliding seat rowing wherry designed by the late Joel White (plans sold by *Wooden-Boat* magazine) called the "Bangor Packet." The sliding seat rig is a Piantedosi Row Wing, an ideal match for this recreational boat. Have yet to get the Bangor Packet in the water as I write this, but will soon correct that! She should row very nicely.

This coming fall/winter we will be working on the development and construction of a new Dick Newick-designed sailing canoe/kayak. More detailed info later but needless to say we are very excited about this new boat.

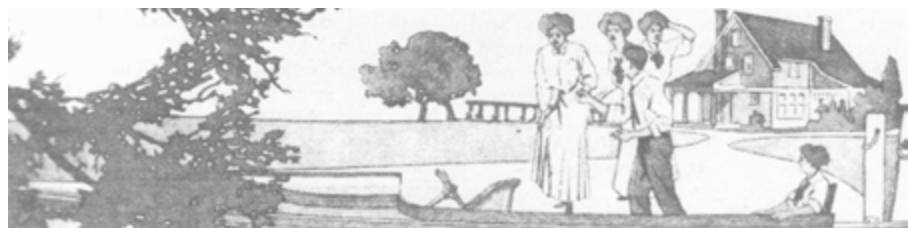
Paul Labrie, Labrie Small Craft, ME, www.labriesmallcraft.com



Boats Never Really Get Finished

Here we are, my 88-year-old dad, my 11-year-old friend, myself and my 53-year-old hot rod on our way to a spot I hadn't been to since I was 11. Boats are a lot like people. They may get older, but they never really get finished.

Dan Rogers, Newport, WA

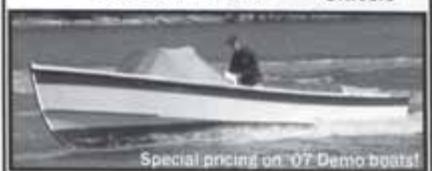




Handy Billy 21

**Cruising Speed,
Quiet Conversation**

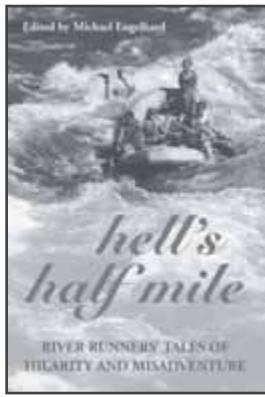
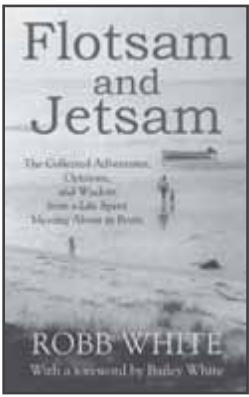
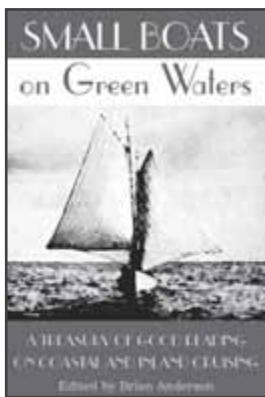
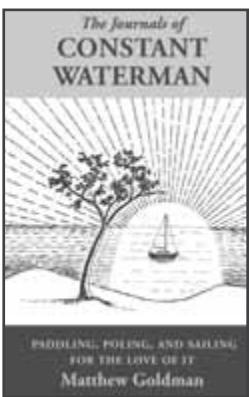
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Book Review

Sailing with Champions

By Fay Jordae (with Larry Zuk)
Reprinted from *Canoe Sailor*, Newsletter
of the ACA National Sailing Committee



Fay, the first American woman International Canoe sailor, along with her husband Frank, operated Grants Boat Club at City Island in the Bronx in New York City from 1956-1989. Grant's Boat Club was the home port of the (decked) International Canoe sailors, the champions.

After the decked canoe racing era of Leo Friede and Uffa Fox, sailors of the 16'x30' canoes, Lou Whitman championed the IC racing during the 1940s and 1950s. This book beautifully presents the grand old days with photos, details of the races, and personal stories about the dedicated sailors.

These legendary sailors included Adolph Morse, Frank Jordae, designer and leader Lou Whitman, including his Manana 11 era, Steve Lysak, and the introduction of a young sailor named Steve Clark, designer, now a two-time World Champion.

The 8"x10" book is blessed with contributions from Charles P. Murphy, North Shore Yacht Club Historian (formerly the New York Canoe Club), the daughters of Lou Whitman and Adolph Morse, as well as IC fleet builder Steve Clark.

Straight from the American Canoe Association historical records, Fay vividly brings to life the racing scene of the International Challenge Cup Races. This Cup has been raced for since it was donated in 1885. In 1933, the renowned British sailors Uffa Fox and Roger De Quincy won the Cup in New York. Fay gloriously recounts the trials and tribulations of subsequent challenges in 1948, 1952, 1955, and in 1959 with the British team Alan Emus and Bill Kempner at City Island.

Come aboard!



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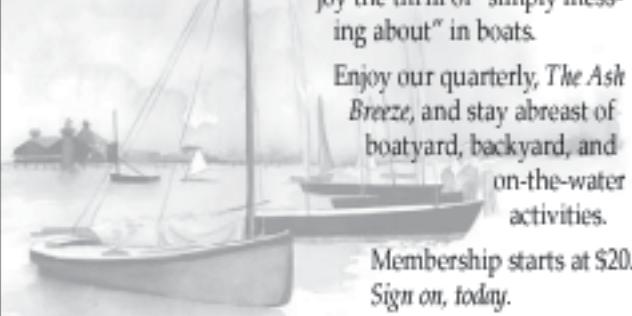
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Paddling Over Occaneechi Island

By Jim Niederlehner

My favorite Virginia cruising grounds are rich in Native American history. I like to raid Jamestown and Yorktown in a skiff, and I recommend the Pamunkey and Mattaponi Rivers for kayaking. I recently discovered a notable Native American site involved in Bacon's Rebellion of 1676.

From 1607 to 1670, Virginia colonists had spread out along the navigable Virginia rivers, and were starting to penetrate the wilderness of the Virginia piedmont. By 1670 Pocahontas' people, the Powhatan Indians, had been depopulated by war and disease and were classified as the "tributary Indians" by Virginia. They adhered to the white man's rules when approaching white communities to trade, and they often allied with the whites to fight raiding parties of "foreign" Indians.

By 1670 the Virginia colonists had established trading forts at the fall line, including Richmond on the James River and Fort Henry (now Petersburg) on the Appomattox River. Both of these areas are great destinations for small boat exploration. My goal is to check out every launch ramp within 20 miles of these points!

Native Americans quickly learned that access to European iron tools and weapons was vitally important. If a tribe could corner the market in European trade, it would hold vast power over its neighboring rivals. In one example, the Susquehannock tribe of Pennsylvania was "ganged up on" by rival Iroquoian speaking tribes and exiled because they had been too successful in stockpiling European weapons and the balance of power had been intolerably disturbed!

My latest project involves following the great trading path southwest from Fort Henry to the next major river crossing. The Roanoke River system (called Staunton River in parts) follows the Virginia/North Carolina border, and empties into North Carolina's Albemarle Sound. The great trading path crossed the Roanoke River at the home of the piratical Occaneechi tribe.

Why do I call them piratical? The Occaneechi lived on a fortified island below the confluence of the Roanoke and Dan rivers. This was a natural crossing point and hard to avoid if traveling from the Carolina mountains toward the Virginia colony. (You may now break out your road map and find the town of Clarksville, Virginia, and the US Route 58 bridge.)

For a while the Occaneechi held a trade monopoly between the Virginia colonists and tribes in the Carolina mountains (now known as Cherokee). The Occaneechi enforced this monopoly vigorously. The first European explorer to visit the Occaneechi fort, John Lederer, was ceremonially entertained in 1670 by the Occaneechi, and then horrified to witness the slaughter of a visiting party of Carolina Indians. The Occaneechi were not going to let the visiting Indians get a chance to discuss business directly with the visiting white man! Lederer decided that he had seen enough of Occaneechi hospitality and snuck away from the fort to continue his explorations.

The Occaneechi trade monopoly didn't last long. In 1676, raids and migrations by "foreign" northern Indians touched off a



The "island" in the right of the photo is a floating debris island from heavy rains upstream. The real island is 20' down.

revolt by Virginia's frontier white settlers. The frontiersmen claimed that the Royal Governor was willing to sacrifice their lives to protect his own profits from the Indian trade, and they had other grievances stemming from the Governor's cronyism and abuses of taxation.

Nathaniel Bacon was the leader of the 1676 rebellion and he led a band of heavily armed white frontiersmen down the trading path to Occaneechi Island. Their "friends," the Occaneechi, welcomed the colonists and proceeded to cut a deal whereby the Occaneechi would attack a nearby party of Susquehannock Indians who had migrated into the area. After this deed was done (accounts vary) the whites and Indians argued over the disposition of the booty, a shot was fired from the fort at the whites and the whites rose up and attacked the fort, burned the fort and massacred every Indian that they could reach.

I briefly kayaked out of the Occoneechee State Park years ago while passing through the area. Note that there are multiple spellings of the word "Occaneechi." The state park is on the site of a 19th century plantation named "Occoneechee."

Last year I started talking with an acquaintance at work who is an avid "paranormal investigator" (that would translate as "ghost hunter" to a simple person like me). I told him that I knew of a place that ought to harbor some really unhappy ghosts from a 1676 massacre. He said, "great, let's go camping!"

The great twist in this story is that we can't walk on Occaneechi Island any-

more. In the 1940s the Roanoke River was dammed up to form Kerr Reservoir, which is also known as Buggs Island Lake. Occaneechi Island is now about 20' underwater and the old river channels are about 60' deep surrounding the sunken island. Occaneechi ghosts who want to intimidate campers or bass fishermen will presumably have to pop up out of the water!

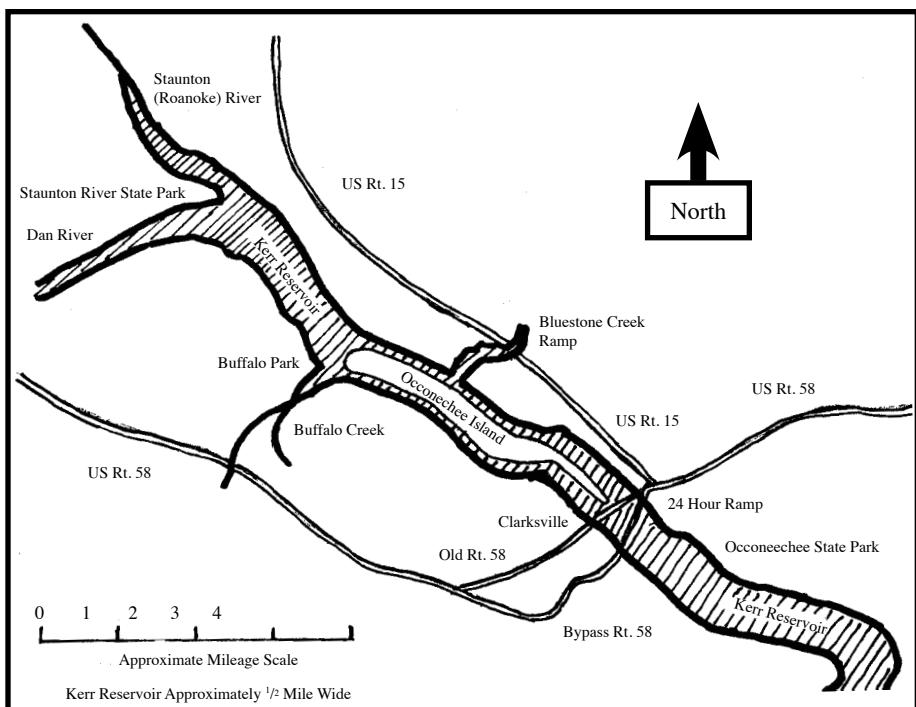
As far as I know, the local bass fishermen of Kerr Reservoir do not share a tradition of encountering ghosts. Maybe they just don't go out with the right attitude after dark!

Occoneechee State Park is on US Route 58 at the downstream end of the island. It has very nice camping facilities and a 24-hour boat ramp. However, it is close to the bridge and you hear trucks rather than ghosts while dozing in your tent.

Upstream, the main island terminates at buoy #24 and the mouth of Buffalo Creek. There is a Corps of Engineers campground there at Buffalo Park. We plan to camp there next time, since it should be very quiet, and Buffalo Creek was probably an escape route for Indian survivors who made it to their canoes.

I suspect the Indian fort was somewhere between buoy #22 at Bluestone Creek and buoy #21 at the Clarksville town limit. I enjoy crisscrossing this area in my kayak, just to pay my respects to the departed Occaneechi, and to salute all of the great pirates of the 17th century!

For readers interested in a historic review: www.greattradingpath.com/indian-history.htm.



I've been reading Robb White's collection of musings and stories in *Flotsam & Jetsam* over the past few mornings. Robb is a most entertaining breakfast table companion. Such a remarkable observer. Granted, I find him all the more remarkable since I have had many of the same experiences and have derived a similar worldview as a result. Many of these stories were not new to me. I got to read some of 'em when they were first published. But, so what? Who would admit to only glancing once at a well-crafted painting, or other objet d'art, before allowing it to blend in with the surrounding wallpaper or furniture? A good story needs to be retold. Sort of like lasagna, or Robb's fetish for cold fish in the morning, they get better after they sit around a while.

I was sputtering Cheerios and caterwauling this morning while reading Robb's several essays on boat launching ramp behavior. I think the one essential element that is missing each time a yahoo finds his metalflake thunder horse with the bazillion two-stroke ponies tied out back bouncing up the ramp, or other calamity, is how we more thoughtful boat people consider our boats "as members of the family." And that is the simple answer to avoiding so much coagulated polyester and spun glass needlessly being strewn over the nation's launch ramps. These people's boats all have "Dammitt!!!!" hyphenated into their names someplace. And that's simply no way to talk to or about a loved one. Now is it?

More of that launch ramp stuff in a minute. First let me tell you about a day a week or so ago, when we had a serious danger of actually having summer at 117 degrees west longitude above 48 degrees north longitude. It was a good day.

There are any number of ways a guy can meet new people, some better than others, of course. The people, not the method. It's sort of like the archetypical city dweller. He might have a hankering to travel. To meet new people, see new sights and broaden his perspective on life, all the while never knowing his next-door neighbor, visiting the park or riverbank just down the street or even attending a guest lecture at the Elks Lodge. Sort of like that. Meeting people.

My long time friend, Roger, was in town (actually, we live in the sticks, town is seven miles up the highway) to re-collect his big-as-a-house RV from its winter storage here at Diamond Lake. Anyhow, Roger. He waited until our abnormally late spring finally sprung to arrive here from his home in San Diego. As a result, the repairs and periodic maintenance that an RV needs has been delayed into "the season." And go ahead and try to get anything done on vacation-related equipment when already on vacation. So Roger has been camping out in our driveway while he's waiting for the RV guy to finally decide what we knew already. Yep, "they don't make those parts anymore." Now we'll end up doing what we should have all along, fix most of the stuff ourselves. But that's not really what we are talking about. As Robb White used to say, better, we're just setting scene, but I don't want to interrupt the smooth flow of this narrative. Or confuse you. Me, I'm already confused. Anyhow.

Roger and I had a couple of days to do boat stuff while waiting for you-know-who to tell us we already knew what. So we went off to meet some new people, the best way there is, on and around the water and around those boats that God made that water for in the first place.

A Good Day for Meeting People

By Dan Rogers

Since our leftover Easter eggs that didn't get found ended up getting snowed on a couple times and then it rained constantly when it wasn't simply pouring, my boat fleet isn't exactly through the pre-season shake down cruises yet. *Lady Bug*, the peripatetic pocket cruiser (sailboat) has been in and out of our little lake twice already. She's been sailing a couple of times, but there are still pine needles in the cockpit drains. Not exactly completely wrung out and ready for full duty.

And *Old Salt*, the almost-was mini tugboat that instead came out of the shop a month ago as a fully customized 1959 Glaspar Seafair "cabin cruiser" is now an almost reliably running speedboat. So when Roger found that he wasn't going to make RV dust for yet another couple days at minimum, we decided the very best way to fill that time wasn't exactly mowing the lawn and working on the house. Naw. We absolutely knew the best thing to do was put both of those boats in the water.

The rest of the country was in the throes of dire weather anomalies (the new reality?) with horrendous floods, off-the-meter tornadoes and late season snow. Around the inland northwest we were sitting on (mostly sitting down the mountainside from) something close to TWICE the normal snowpack. It is still perched up on the mountains waiting for a chance to fill the reservoirs and slosh down the rivers. As a result, all the lakes and rivers are tearing at the soft manmade appurtenances that usually serve for recreation platforms. Like docks and roads and patios and waterfront houses, and launching ramps. Our lakes are all way, way up. And they will even get taller when the real floods start. There's nothing like a couple of 80° sunny days followed by a week of rain to get that white stuff sliding down those mountains.

This matters directly to the rich folks who have at least one of their homes down on the water. Those of us with secondary lots get to watch our trees (and lawns and weeds) sprout prodigiously without completely being able to watch the lake rise from the comfort of our own hot tub. We less fortunate without an actual private dock hitched to our private beach have to haul our boats to the various lakes and rivers and use one of those launching ramps for the purpose. That's where this story gets back to both meeting new people and talking about our favorite subject. Boats.

In danger of interrupting that smooth flow we were talking about earlier, I was at a different launching ramp, at a different lake, with a different friend the other day. We both had the opportunity to meet a most remarkable woman whom we still know almost nothing about. Jim had come down to the public launch ramp at Spirit Lake (Idaho) to help me test *Old Salt*'s underway characteristics with more than just me aboard. Anybody who has messed with boats "of a certain age" knows that they don't carry their horsepower quite as sedately as the truly modern wake draggers.

You see, *Old Salt* is more on the winsome side of svelte by contemporary standards. Her rump is barely a fathom from

spray rail to spray rail, give or take a couple links of $1/4"$ proof coil. Not real wide. And I was a little worried that all the extra weight I've "engineered" into that antique hull was going to cause her to be squirrely with added passengers. Turns out Jim subtracted about 2 knots from the top end. Not a big deal. Yes, at between 20 and 30 knots I can steer pretty respectably by walking from side to side across the helm station. Still, she's more nimble than scary. We stick and string guys are maybe more concerned with looking like a yahoo than your average everyday yahoo might care to be concerned with. So, after we hooted and hollered up and down the lake for a couple of passes (and a couple of gallons of 50/1) we headed on back to launch ramp.



A rather slim transom for all those ponies to ride on.

So far *Old Salt* tends to garner a fair amount of attention. Maybe it's the 55-year-old design. Maybe it's how I've got her all dolled up with hand-milled lumber of several species. But so far people of that apparent age, who would be able to remember how "family runabouts" didn't always require seating for 11 and a fuel injected Chevy V-8, seem to appreciate her for being somewhat unusual. Anyhow. It may be the fact that *Big John*, my supposedly good as new V-4 Johnson outboard, doesn't idle worth talking about. Been in the shop twice already and still works about as good as before.

So, in typical rag bagger style, I was approaching the launching ramp dock with a noticeable silence. Even if that 90-pony rig won't go slow, he is almost as good as a sailboat rudder for landing dead stick. You may already know that motorboats don't glide real gracefully. So, as the slow drift to the dock got even a bit slower, I had time to chat with a guy preparing to pull his modern aluminum fishing machine out of the water. After I assured him that he needn't drop the remote thingie for his electric bow thruster, expedite lowering the hydraulically activated bait well cover or anything else untoward and come running over to "catch us," he went back to complimenting me on my boat. So you could say that he had good taste in other people's boats, anyway. After I executed a respectable twist and parallel landing, we each went our separate ways and backed trucks and trailers in, pulled boats out and began preparations for departure.

That's when we, Jim and I, got to meet this, I think, remarkable woman. I believe I'm still a bit of an age conundrum. You know, still active enough to appear less than completely antediluvian, but I don't have tattoos or surgically implanted ear buds. Yeah,

a “certain age.” So when I hear a lady yelling “Sir!” it’s hard to know if maybe my fly is open or maybe I’m about to be warned to get off the sidewalk to allow for a skateboard exhibition. Maybe I’m about to step backward off a cliff? You never really know what to expect when some stranger calls you “sir.” Especially when there’s an exclamation point with it.

This time it was a very succinct, well modulated request. “Sir, do you have a pair of pliers?” And wouldn’t you know it, I didn’t. Me, the quintessential Eagle Scout, caught with only socket wrenches and a ball peen hammer in my travelling kit. I could picture my needle nosed pliers right where I left ‘em. Next to my 12-volt electrical parts box, next to where I had been re-wiring trailer lights just before heading to the lake to meet Jim. That’s where. So this is where knowing people even if you don’t actually know them starts to work out.

This lady had a full-grown goose in her arms with a fishhook through its beak. There was the residual tangle of leader and monofilament line wrapped around the injured fowl. But all in all, how many ladies of the female persuasion do any of us know who would be willing to grab up a goose with a fishhook stuck through its upper mandible? And then go seek help from total strangers. Whatever your opinion on the natural world taking care of itself, this is the essence of what I call “doing the right thing.”

As it turned out, I was able to hotfoot it farther up the parking lot and borrow a set of snips and a set of needle nose pliers from the guy with the high tech aluminum fish killer. Jim rotated the hook around to keep it from grabbing another part of the bird. I reached inside the bird’s mouth and grabbed the hook’s shank after cutting the blamed thing apart from the leader. Problem solved. The Remarkable Lady then took her feathered charge down and re-introduced him/her to the assembled flock. She told ‘em to look out for their friend and went about her business, too. Two people we might never have met, and one good thing we might never have done. And now back to the smooth flowing narrative.



Roger ‘n me doing “aerobatics” with *Lady Bug* and *Plum Duff* in San Diego.

Roger and I have a history with *Lady Bug* like the photo shows from a couple of years ago when the two of us were doing the sailboat equivalent of a Blue Angels flyby. Roger’s got a fair amount of stick time in *Lady Bug*’s cockpit. So it seemed a natural to take that boat when I decided that he absolutely must come and see the body of water that may have done more to cement my own incurable need to be at sea and searching for what ever is just over the horizon. Maybe



Eeeeehawwww!!!

you can point to a similar place from your own boyhood. (I suppose girls have similar places. I just don’t know more ‘n a handful of ‘em. And many of those ladies probably had more of a traditional boyhood before they got to the lady stage, anyhow.) So we hooked up *Lady Bug* and headed off to Priest Lake (also in Idaho.)

Lady Bug is a sailboat by birth. She has served as a travel trailer on my peripatetic sojourn over much of the left half of the national map. Last summer she was pressed into service as a ski boat, of all things. Her actual “use” is a bit eclectic, all things being equal. Her motor mount has been beefed up and she sports the extra long shaft of an eight horse Nissan two-stroke with electric start and semi-cort nozzle. When we got to the launch ramp closest by road to Priest Lake, it was blowing straight down, as my brother used to say when studying the tell tales on a similar day. Good thing we had Mr Nissan along.

And while we are on the general topic of yahoos and launch ramps and metal flakery, maybe if the general run of yahoo actually had an affectionate name for his motor, certainly his boat, we would have a good deal less drama around launch and recovery time. Maybe if they would complement their little girl as she curtsies onto the trailer rollers and caresses the guides? Maybe if they would simply stop and study the way she transitions from thing of beauty floating to thing of beauty trailered? Maybe if they talked to her like the lady she still could be? Maybe if they said something like, “good job, there, little girl...” Well, YOU talk to your boat. You do, don’t you?

So, while we were contemplating the fact that we had a sailboat behind the truck and were ready to launch into a 20-mile long lake covered by nary a wind-driven ripple, we stopped for a traffic jam of sorts. The full time population of Coolin, Idaho, is barely

into the double digits. The nearest city of any size is almost 100 miles to the south. The only way one can conceive of a traffic jam is when the yahoo population on the launch ramp exceeds critical mass. And, apparently that’s what we pulled up short to witness.

There was this almost brand new Chevy double cab pickup attempting to back the most gynomorous pontoon boat I have ever seen through the assembled throng of trucks, trailers, boats, tourists and fishermen temporarily afoot, to get to the single lane ramp. The lady (not the self-actuated goose lady) was leading the procession with one of those walkie talkies that people use to avoid old-fashioned hand signals. I gotta suspect that the system had a few communications glitches as the truck seemed to have to block the main road several times while attempting to align this unconscionably large party barge with the still distant ramp. During a lull in the action, I managed to swing *Big Ole* and *Lady Bug* past the embarrassed looking putative skipper, back down with hard right rudder on, and park the rig in the only open parking stall. Roger and I then awaited developments.

It was not only a weekend, but also the absolute first OK weather day of 2011. Coolin launch ramp was having one of those Yogi Berra moments. You know. When “it’s so crowded, nobody goes there anymore.”

After that bird farm sized collection of aluminum drain pipes, color coordinated vinyl and mega horsepower finally made its way into the water, most of the entertainment seemed to be over. Since the actual notion of sailing was pretty much a non-starter, we considered our options. Like I was saying, despite her close resemblance to something that should spend a life in the water, *Lady Bug* does a pretty respectable imitation of a travel trailer. She just follows along on most any adventure I might care to dream up. Sooooo, we decided to drive on up the lake a piece to a place I had never

Flat calm on Priest Lake, lots of snow still waiting on the mountains.



actually driven to. I had pulled in there by water a year or so before. But getting there by land was sort of a mystery. It did have a launch ramp, so we said goodbye to Yogi and headed for Cavanaugh Bay and Blue Diamond Marina.

Who should we fall in behind but the walkie talkie lady driving that almost new Chevy and towing the now empty trailer for the much maligned jumbo party barge. A real big trailer. I figured they were rich people with one of those Macmansions down on the lake and she was simply hauling her trailer home to its stable while her husband took the boat home. That's what I figured. A few miles up the road, and a couple turnoffs later, we were down to a two rut path. The walkie talkie lady pulled over and motioned for me to pass. You know how you already know how a story is gonna turn out, even before you get half way into the book? Well, this was one of those.

As it did turn out, where we were going, was where she was going. As it did turn out she was going there to put her trailer away next to the launch ramp that was out of service due to extremely high water. Even though I guessed all this without actually getting to talk to anybody, we were still on this two rut pass through dense forest. Towing a sailboat with spars and pulleys and such clutching at each and every overhanging limb. And, of course, no place to turn that sort of rig around. And, as it did turn out, the nice lady with the walkie talkie appreciated the fact that I, a complete stranger, was willing to back her rig into the appointed spot between a large rock, a tree stump and a cliff. Since we already "knew" her from the prior launch ramp, we weren't exactly strangers anymore. You begin to see where I'm going with the moral of this smooth flowing narrative.

Since we were the only sailboat suddenly parked on the two rut leading into a quite nice resort, we made the acquaintance of an elderly German fellow who had just the day before brought his brand new right out of the box Potter 19 around from the Yogi Berra ramp to this marina. Of course, we went down to the docks and admired his new boat. Of course, we commiserated with him over how stock boats aren't really ready for the uninitiated to rig and handle underway.

All the while I was being reminded that my entire rig is worth less than his shiny new four-stroke. Not to mention that one of those boats straight from the factory probably costs more than a house in rural Iowa. And, of course, Eagle Scout that I am, we were able to offer a couple timely suggestions on why the mast would probably go up smoother if "this clevis is attached to that pad eye and this fitting is moved to this mounting hole, etc." And we got to meet another person and maybe do something for the US-Teutonic diplomatic situation in the bargain.

There were a couple of people we met later in the day and did the Boy Scout good turn thing for, as well. But that was strictly a roadside, non-boat-related thing. So it seems that we were left with a now less populated launch ramp when we finally emerged from the north Idaho conifers. We finally got *Lady Bug* launched and ended up motoring about a 15-mile loop. The wind never did blow that day. A good day for meeting people.

Snagged

By Craig Wilson
Groveland, California

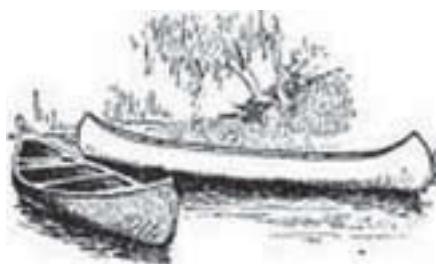
"A Salt Creek Paddle 53 Years Later" in the February issue reminded me of a canoeing incident in which I was involved about 34 years ago. I was boating with my family (wife, three small kids) on the Pearl River in Mississippi in our outboard runabout (pictured in *MAIB*, December 1, 2002), probably about winter 1976. We were on the river below Ross Barnett Reservoir, near Jackson. Since it was winter, the water level was pretty high and the current was fast.

There were two canoes on the river nearby. One had a crew of a father and his son. Somehow they got sideways to a snag sticking out from the shore, their canoe hit it and went under it. I headed across the river and ran up onto the downstream side of the snag and held my boat there with the motor, like a landing craft running onto a beach. The boy had climbed onto the snag, so I told him to climb into my boat and sit down on the bottom in the back where he would be safe, which he did. The man was holding onto the upstream side of the snag, with only his head above water. He told me he was holding onto the canoe under the snag with his feet. I asked him if it had built in flotation. When he said it did, I advised him to let it go, thinking we could pick it up later. He did, and was then he was able to climb over the snag and into my boat.

We then headed downstream to find the canoe, which had passed under the snag and surfaced. We came to an old, abandoned school bus up on the top edge of the riverbank. During low water level in later summer, this bus is high and dry. During the high water level in winter, only the top of the bus is above water. We found the canoe full of water and drifting downstream and were able to take hold of it and drag it over to the bus. The canoeists then got themselves and the canoe on top of the bus and were able to empty the water out of it and continue their trip down the river, completely wet and without some of their equipment which had gone to the bottom of the river.

Lessons learned? Neither in the canoe was wearing a life jacket, they lay unused in the bottom of the canoe. I hope they figured out that the result of the incident could have been much worse, and they should have been wearing their life jackets. I never saw them again. This incident certainly reinforced my belief that I should always wear my life jacket when I am in a small boat.

The people in the other canoe traveling with them were further downstream and were not able to come back to help. They were lucky that I was there to help them recover. When you get in trouble in a canoe, you probably are on your own.



Listening to the Wind

By Duncan Wright

"To determine the direction of the wind, your ears are your best weather vanes. They will hear the slightest sound of the wind. That sound will be loudest (in both ears) when you are facing directly into the wind or directly away from it."

(*The Glenans Manual of Sailing*, translated by Peter Davison and James Simpson, paraphrased, 1995)

"I had been some time at sea before I became aware of the fact that hearing plays a perceptible part in gauging the force of the wind. It was at night. The ship was one of those iron wool clippers that the Clyde floated out in swarms upon the world in the seventh decade of the last century. The ship of which I think, with her colored glass skylight ends, bearing the motto Let Glasgow Flourish was certainly one of the most heavily sparred specimens. I was the junior officer in her, third mate, keeping watch with the chief officer, and it was just during one of the night watches in a strong freshening breeze that I overheard two men in a sheltered nook of the main deck exchanging the informing remarks.

Said one, 'should think 'twas time some of them light sails were coming off her.'

And the other, an older man, uttered grumpily, 'No fear! Not while the chief mate's on deck. He's that deaf he can't tell how much wind there is...'

It generally happened in this way. Night, clouds racing overhead, wind howling, royals set and the ship rushing on in the dark, an immense white sheet of foam level with the lee rail. Mr. P. (the chief mate) hooked into the windward mizzen rigging in a state of perfect serenity."

(*The Mirror of the Sea*, Joseph Conrad, 1906)

"I was reminded of 'the hollow sound of a southerly wind, the dread of seaman in many climates... as it is attended by rain and great obscurity... On land peasants call it a high wind; i.e., one that sounds hollow and high. Seaman know its knell, and a shift of wind may be expected to follow from the west or northwest, which blows low, being a counter current of air, furious in the extreme, and this causes the hollow sound before the gale is felt."

(*Notes to The Shipwreck*, Henry Falconer, 1811)

Listening to the Wind

Now night drawn by the Hours had not yet
reached

The midpoint of her course when Palinurus
Turned out briskly. Studying the winds,
He cupped his ears to catch movements of
air;

Observed the slowly wheeling constellations
In the still heaven: bright Arcturus, rainy
Hyades, Great Bear and Little Bear,
Orion in his belt of gold. All clear

In cloudless air he made them out to be,
Then gave a trumpet signal from the stern.
So we broke camp, put out to sea, unfurled
Our wings of sails. The stars had vanished,

Dawn

Was reddening the sky, when far ahead
We saw the blue hills and low-lying plain
Of Italy...

(*The Aeneid*, Virgil, 678-692, translated by Robert Fitzgerald, III)

Summer, 2011, finally arrived in the Salt Creek woods as well as a fierce windstorm. A tornado ripped through the nearby town of Downers Grove, Illinois. I believe some of those same winds hit our Salt Creek woods at Fullersburg just west of Chicago. Our early kayak attempts on the creek this past spring were squashed by the completely logjammed pedestrian bridge which spans the creek at midway. Portaging around that bridge was too hazardous for my $1/8$ " thick wooden sided kayak and brittle bones. Flagstone banks can be brutal to my thin-skinned craft.

Finally the forest preserve crew chain sawed the entire logjam and freed up our paddling lanes. The "put in" creek bank was quite muddy after the water drawdown needed for safe log removal. The brown silt covered everything like cake frosting making launching slippery and gooey. Normally the bank is covered with clean crushed limestone.

My Take-A-Part kayak was put together on the bank while I explained its simple "drop in the slot" bulkhead to curious walkers at the "put in." I boarded my craft carrying gobs of that chocolate mud along for company. With a slight shove with my paddle, I once again felt the release from firm earth to liquid freedom. My yak wobbled from side to side as I shifted my feet to better brace myself. Now I felt in command. Today I was solo. Sometimes I prefer it that way. I scanned ahead for any new birds with the binoculars. The scenery along the banks had changed with numerous storm-downed trees clogging the formerly clear shorelines in several places.

My favorite sycamore, which stands 60' high, its white bark glistening in the sun, was still there to shade me as I paddled under it. I pinball from shade tree to shade tree to avoid the 80° sun already hot at 10am. I look up at the blue sky and lean back as I contemplate how lucky I am to be paddling on an open public waterway. I like my wooden kayak. Its deck wood comes from South America, meranti plywood. It's from a live tree that, though it's now dead, makes me feel more alive. Maybe someday, my ashes will nourish some lichens to help feed some caribou.

I quietly paddle along the right bank hoping to see once again the wood ducks that were nesting on some rotting logs back in the woods a few weeks earlier. Today they're gone. Seconds later I jump a pair of great blue herons out of a newly downed strainer. They beat a slow retreat upstream.

I now paddle under that damaged pedestrian bridge, which is still off limits to pedestrians. That failed flagstone support still lays twisted, pulling the split bridge timbers down toward the water. As I near the old boathouse, a fisherman reels in a nice fighting

The Salt Creek bridge open again after the log jam was cleared away.



Salt Creek After the Storm

By Bob McAuley



On the water again, Spring at last!

carp. Finally upstream I spot an old feathered friend from last fall, a white egret is back on the attack on his fishing mud flat again. Once again he's gulping down what appear to be baby turtles. When he swallows, a bulge appears in his long skinny neck and it gradually moves down to his belly.

I detour around him and head for the island. Though there are bikers, walkers, and runners on the parallel trail, the creek and the woods are nicely quiet today. Even the Midway jets are flying a quiet pattern today. Thank you. I thread my way around the shallow side of the island and slip over sunken logs and around new strainers. Some of the tree limbs have been twisted off from their mother tree. That tornado visited here for sure.

Finally I reach the fast water above the island and on the tree-shaded water familiar birds are missing. There are no green herons, black crowned night herons, or kingfishers. I miss their calls and their antics. Where are they? Time to retreat as my shoulder "texted" me! No, I don't carry a cell phone in the kayak on a day like today. But, before I turn back, I recognized that old 80' tall dead cottonwood, bark stripped and bleached trunk, is still standing. I would have liked to see that tree bend and sway in this last storm.

Returning downstream, I crowd around a shaded bank bend that was guarded by an oak tree that was leaning over the water. I've paddled under it numerous times wondering whether it'll fall on my head. Ha, ha! It didn't. Now its fallen trunk lays hopelessly strangled, creating another shoreline strainer. The storm did it in.

The return downstream is fun. I quietly paddle, rest, and coast when in the shade.



Old cottonwood survived the tornado.

Hugging the left bank I surprise a large doe 15' away and I snap her picture. The flash failed.

Rounding the final turn, I blaze into the straightaway, a refreshing breeze hits my face, and then the sun. Landing in the shade is muddy again but 10° cooler. Nature's treat. It was freedom on the water but a bit sad, as I wondered where some of my favorite birds went missing... Maybe that tornado carried them off to Canada or maybe it plucked all of their feathers and they cooked to death under that hot sun...

And so the search goes on.

Hope to paddle the lower Salt, but we need a good 4" rain. It's too shallow now. I'm like a California surfer waiting for a big wave...

Keep on Paddlin'!

Precision 18

Displacement 1100lbs.
Ballast, Lead, 350lbs.
Sail Area 145 sq. ft.
Draft, Bd. Down 4'3"
Draft, Bd. Up 1'6"
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LWL 15'5"
Beam 7'5"

15' C.B.
16' B.K.
18' - 21' - 23'

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In the "good old days" of the late 1940s, '50s and '60s, when boats were made of wood, most were worth looking at. Our havens were not yet gentrified nor were they clogged up with plastic boats lying idle on moorings. One could leave a boat anchored on a beach, or lay one's own moorings for free.

There were still a few Thames barges trading under sail only. I remember them tacking up the London River, heeled over to their side decks or grounded on The Buxey, loading sand by wheelbarrow and plank. As a boy I had seen a fleet of perhaps 40 lug-rigged shrimpers sailing out of Ostende, all tacking together as one. Outboard motors were coming into common use, but the Seagull Company's advertisements were still promoting the concept with their iconic drawing of the chap walking out barefoot to his boat, to ready to float off with the incoming tide.



The sailor who used to be featured on the tank of every Seagull engine, drawn by Keith Shackleton, renowned artist and International 14 champion, in the late 1940s or very early 1950s and given to British Seagull, whose trade mark it became—Ed

This was how we did it in those days. If we were late we had to swim! However, there was a downside. Class and sex discrimination were still rife. For instance, Emsworth Sailing Club barred applicants who were "engaged in trade" (shopkeepers) and Twickenham Yacht Club barred ladies from the clubroom on Friday evenings!

I was born in Gravesend, a half hour's walk from the Thames tideway. My father had died when I was a boy so I had no guidance whatsoever in sailing; working class people didn't do it in those days. My first boat was a kayak I built during the war as a clueless teenager. I had no plans; I had simply read a book on canoes. The frames were made up from dismantled soapboxes, the stringers were old roofing laths and the fabric was built up from pieces of a crashed barrage balloon.

As I was working in an aircraft factory, when work finished each day I would take home an empty Bostick tin and use the scrapings to bond a little more scrap fabric

In the Good Old Days

Part 1 Early Adventures & Misadventures

By Len Wingfield

In which Len treats us to some entertaining and edifying episodes from the past)

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association (UK)

together. The length of the laths limited the length of the kayak to 11', so I built in a small transom to obtain more boat for the length. The resulting craft was a bit too narrow in beam and had excessive freeboard, but was otherwise quite a success.

After a time I decided to equip it for sailing. Again I went to the library and referred to the book. I saw that a pukka sailing canoe would have leeboards and a rudder, a halyard for raising the sail and a sheet for controlling it, but I decided to dispense with these sophistications. I would use a paddle for steering, and limit myself to fair wind sailing.

A halyard would not be necessary because the sail was a triangle of balloon fabric, with its luff fastened to the mast with carpet tacks and the clew knotted to provide a grip for the piece of string, which was to serve as a sheet. I had no lifejacket; they were not worn in those days.

My first attempt at sailing the kayak, on the Medway at Cuxton, was disappointing because winds were light and my tiny sail area barely gave me steerage way. Next day, however, the wind had really got up and I enthusiastically set out for a proper sail. First I had to paddle to the windward side of the river. I had rolled the sail round the mast, but even so the windage from it was too great and I had to drop mast and sail into the canoe before I could make any progress. Eventually, after a considerable struggle, I reached the windward bank, grounded the canoe in the saltings and stepped the mast.

Completely clueless, not realising that even my scrap of sail would be too much, I secured the sheet and pushed off. The kayak immediately shot away like a greyhound out of the slips and right away I realised that the wind was far too strong for such a flimsy craft (in fact, probably too strong for any sailing craft) so I hurriedly released the sheet. It was not enough, within four seconds just the windage from the flogging sail took the kayak over. Now, however, the freeboard,

I pushed off from the saltings and with the strong wind the kayak shot away like greyhound out of the slips.



combined with the bit of side deck enabled the little craft to float on its side.

I was lying down inside the kayak because I couldn't think of what else to do and the wind on the hull continued to propel it across the river at a considerable rate. Towards midstream the wave size increased and water lapped in until it filled the kayak and I was rolled in. It was October but the water was still fairly warm, and I swam for the lee shore towing the swamped kayak behind me. It was only when I got out on the bank and was subjected to wet wind-chill that I was in trouble. I knew nothing about hypothermia in those days!

My next boat was a 10' Medway punt, a flat-bottomed, hard-chine rowing dinghy with an inch or so of rocker, ideal for skimming over the mudflats. I collected it from Gillingham on the Medway estuary to row it up to Cuxton in one of the coldest winters ever recorded (it was 1947, I think). The tide was against me so I had to row close in to the snow-covered shore to make progress, and I remember passing a few feet away from an auk sitting despondently on a snow-covered ice pan.

Later in that severe winter the naval base at nearby Sheerness was cut off, and the Medway became so choked with ice that two boys escaped from the Borstal institution by crossing it, scrambling from one ice floe to another!

On a fine morning the following summer I decided that, starting from Cuxton, I would row my boat down the Medway as far as I could get with the falling tide, and then return with the ebb.

Waiting leisurely for the rising tide to float my boat I suddenly realised that it had already fallen a fraction. (I had yet to learn about neap tides!) Hurriedly seizing a chunk of bread and a bottle of water, I literally shoved off, half afloat, half sliding over the mud, just managing to get away leaving a trail of oar marks over the mudflats. On the west bank, where the M2 bridge now stands, was a great derelict cement works, but the east bank of the river was just marshland then.

I passed the old style boatyard at Borstal village and then Rochester Cathedral and the great square Norman keep of Rochester Castle. Just before Rochester Bridge on the Strood side there was another traditional boatyard in Pelican Creek. (Sir Francis Drake's early training was on Medway hoyts, and the name Pelican commemorates his famous ship, *The Golden Hind*, which was originally named *The Pelican*.)

Beyond the bridge on the Rochester bank an enterprising fishing boat skipper was dredging for spilt coal below the coal quay. Why go fishing when coal, then in short supply, had a ready market? On the bend of Limehouse Reach several stem rigged Thames barges were moored, reflected on the still water like Coleridge's "painted ships on a painted ocean," waiting for cargoes that might never materialise.

More Thames barges were laid up in Whitewall Creek round the next bend where a firm was converting them into floating homes. Fortunately a number have been saved by voluntary effort and are raced annually with some available for charter. The barge *May Flower* was converted here to provide family living accommodation and was sailed, and sometimes raced, for another 30 years. (See *The May Flower, a Barging Childhood*, by Nick Yardley, Tempus 2007, for a splendid account of those times.) Years ago the DCA chartered the barge *Dawn* for a sailing weekend.

Chatham dockyard, still a thriving naval base, was now on my starboard hand with Upnor Castle opposite. The castle looks impressive but during the Dutch wars it failed to prevent their fleet from boldly sailing in and burning and capturing a number of our best warships. The Medway Yacht Club was next to port, with several trots of moored yachts lying just off the shipping channel. (It was about this time that a coaster, a little wide of its course in fog, ploughed right through a whole line of moored yachts.)

Off Gillingham the river widens and there were a number of freighters and small naval craft moored. The boatyard at Hoo on the north bank wasn't a proper marina then, it was just a collection of concrete lighters sunk to provide shelter for sailing barges and boats of various descriptions. I kept to the south of Hoo Salt Marsh with its derelict fort, and seeing a low water shingle landing on Nor Marsh, grounded my little craft there.

Nor Marsh was known locally as Dead Man's Island because in the Napoleonic wars French prisoners died in the prison hulks and had been interred on it, and their bones were sometimes exposed by erosion of the banks. Over on the south side lay a landing called Horrid Hill. It was quite flat; I don't know how the name arose. The tide fell while I was resting and consuming my bread and water. Then when it rose again I began my long row back. I will always remember that day out.

Some years passed when I lived inland and without a car, but on a visit in 1949 my brother invited me and my wife, who was in early pregnancy, for a sail in Gravesend Rowing Club's big rowing skiff. It was a "Three Men in a Boat" Upper Thames type, taking four oarsmen plus two passengers in the stern. Steering was by yoke and it had the usual hole in the forward thwart for an unstayed mast. Materials were then unobtainable except on license, but my brother had found some heavy bamboo to make mast and spars and purloined Mother's spare sheets to make a lugsail. (Poor Mum never did find out where her missing sheets had gone!)

We arrived at the clubhouse with my wife, who had managed to squeeze her swelling figure into a frilly party frock. This was appropriate wear for Upper Thames boating as Gregory's famous painting "Boulter's Lock Sunday Afternoon" shows. The painting's lugsail skiff with frilly ladies on board was almost identical to ours. My wife



The "Three Men in a Boat" type skiff had positions for four oarsmen and seated two in the stern steering by yoke lines.

was a little surprised to see the club's girl in slacks, the appropriate dress for Thames estuary boating.

The heavy old skiff was carried down the timber launching ramp, followed by someone with a box of used matches. I asked why they were not sliding the boat down instead of carrying it and was told that the aged boat wouldn't stand it and the matchsticks were to plug those holes where nails had fallen out. I thought they were joking! Anyway, the skiff was launched and matchsticks inserted into leak points, the mast set up, the sail was raised and we were away.

Gravesend was still the world's No. 1 port on Lloyd's List, and although all the big ships now docked at Tilbury opposite, it was still the centre for pilots, tugs and customs. With a fair wind and a sluicing ebb we sped past the moored Sun tugs and the lines of moored lighters, the hospital ship *Hygeia*, which was moored away from the shore to isolate anyone arriving from abroad with a contagious tropical disease. Then past the canal basin, the small shipyards and the Ship and Lobster, the sailing bargemen's pub.

A row of Thames barges were moored opposite the pub, the outermost with a broad red line on its side and flying a red burgee, indicating that it was a gunpowder barge. The Port of London Authority still forbade the carriage of explosives on powered vessels! The last building passed on the Kent side was the Isolation Hospital. There was nothing beyond it but bleak marshland. On the Essex side was Tilbury Fort where Queen Elizabeth I had made her defiant speech in face of the expected Spanish Armada. From now on the estuary was fast opening up, with on either bank the wild marshland described by Dickens in *Great Expectations*.

It soon became apparent that either too few nail holes had been plugged or the match sticks had come out, because the old skiff was leaking fast and my wife was sitting with her feet on the thwart to keep them out of the water. We turned towards the distant shore, with the rowing club members casually speculating whether we would make it in time or

whether we would have to swim for it. My wife mildly observed that she could only swim four lengths at the best of times, and being clothed and pregnant wouldn't help!

None of us had lifejackets, they were not worn by rowing people, nor had the ability to swim been discussed before we set out.

We headed for the remains of Shorne Mead Fort, one of the old Thames defences against the French, which was one of the very few places around with a firm landing, and made it just in time, landing on steeply sloping shingle. Of the fort only the low brick facade now remained, the rest had been blown up by the army as training exercises. Two of the chaps energetically bailed the waterlogged boat before the receding tide left its planks unsupported, and a driftwood fire was lit to boil water for tea.

After tea the boat was re-launched and the four rowing club members set to the hard task of rowing it back against the continuing strong ebb, keeping as close inshore in the slacker water as possible. To lighten the boat my wife and I were left to walk home on the seawall. So ended our member Ed Wingfield's first sail, although he won't remember it, being only a tiny foetus at the time!

By today's standards it may all seem reckless and foolhardy, but we were young then and the recent war had acclimatised us to danger. We were more self-reliant. Now we have Health and Safety legislation and bored young people take drugs and crash stolen cars for their kicks.



By the time I met Lou Whitman in 1947, he had already dabbled in wrestling, diving, professional walking and canoe sailing, which led him to his successful design of his Manana hull. I was still in high school and Lou was a family man with a big International Challenge Cup looming on his horizon. Since he and his family lived in Brooklyn, we City Island decked canoe sailors saw little of him and the Brooklyn crowd. He was definitely considered to be the IC guru as everyone appreciated his considerable talent, not just for building his own boat from his own design plans, but for building his masts and all the other equipment on his boats. When he marched into a sail loft on City Island, I have been told that cutters hated to see him come as he arrived with his own sail plan, always a new and different design and basically drove them all crazy with his many corrections.

When Manana burned up in the Lindenhurst clubhouse fire, Lou set about designing and building his Manana II in preparation for his 1948 challenge of the English for the return of the New York Challenge Cup which the Brits had won in 1933. The vicious weather on the Thames and Lou's lack of knowledge of the race course definitely took a toll on Lou and he and his partner Adolph Morse lost the series of races (best two out of three). However, when he re-challenged in 1952, he alone represented the USA and he won, sailing his Manana II. He was

My City Island Years

Part 4

By Fay Jordaeans

Amazing Lou Whitman



Lou Whitman in 1955.

approaching his 50th year when he and his US team won the Challenge Cup in 1955.

Consider his amazing stats and remember that he was sailing against champion sailors. He won 13 National championships, was a 16-time winner of the Elliot trophy and participated in four International Challenge Cup Trophy races for starters.

One has to wonder why Lou never appreciated the accomplishments of the English, who sailed with full batten rigs, and superior rigs such as an inboard rudder long before the Americans and Lou saw these improvements during international competitions!

Lou lived to sail until the end of his 70s when he could no longer swim and fear of drowning prevented him from taking the tiller of his beloved sport. He was a plumber by trade, a self-taught designer and builder and a respected craftsman by the time he died in 1991.

Sailing in Florida, year unknown.



Left: Lou Whitman (71) and Frank Jordaeans on Long Island Sound in 1949.

Below: The New York International Challenge Trophy. When I wrote an article about him for our local paper he didn't want people to know he had the trophy at his home on City Island.



Steve Lysack

Steve Lysack was not a City Islander; he and his wife Ruth hailed from Yonkers. When he was a child, his father put Steve and his brother John in an orphanage where all they had was their love for each other. Once they learned to paddle a canoe, they began to build their own kayaks and canoes. They had dreams of paddling together in the Olympics but then World War II came along and interrupted their plans.

Steve became an artist and an excellent cartographer. During the war, when the US Service had no maps of some of the obscure enemy-held islands, they sorely needed someone with Steve's talent. Steve, a Marine, was dropped behind enemy lines where, in the dark of night he walked the island, took markings, then radioed to be picked up and returned to base. He then drew the most extraordinarily accurate maps of the

areas he had just walked. For the men who had to fight on those islands, an accurate map was a rare gift and for those soldiers Steve was a hero. Steve's friend said that "without Steve's accurate cartography, we might have lost Iwo Jima." After the war, Steve returned to cartography and paddling. Brother John, a 1936 Olympian and retired Marine captain, moved on to California.

Steve said, "I lost my best partner when my brother was no longer able to paddle with me. We had perfect paddling rhythm." Still, in 1948, when Steve was 36, he qualified for the 1948 Olympics where he and his partner, Steve Macknowski, won gold and silver medals for the US, paddling their own handmade boat. Stephen Macknowski said, "After the war, Lysak and I found out we were both on Iwo Jima at the same time, and we never knew it!"

A few years after Frank and I purchased Grants Boat Club (see coming installments), Steve and his wife Ruth came to City Island regularly as Steve's interest included racing an IC and Grant's had the only fleet of ICs in the area. He designed and built his own boat. Frank and I probably knew the Lysaks for ten years and saw them every day before we learned from our mutual friend and fellow City Islander, Lou Whitman, that Steve won Olympic medals for paddling in 1948. Frank and I had occasion to visit the Lysaks in their Yonkers home and it was during one of our luncheon visits that I asked Ruth if we could see those 1948 Olympic medals. As Steve showed Frank the long leaf yellow pine he used in their Yonkers home, Ruth and I looked for the medals.

"Steve, where do we keep the medals honey?"

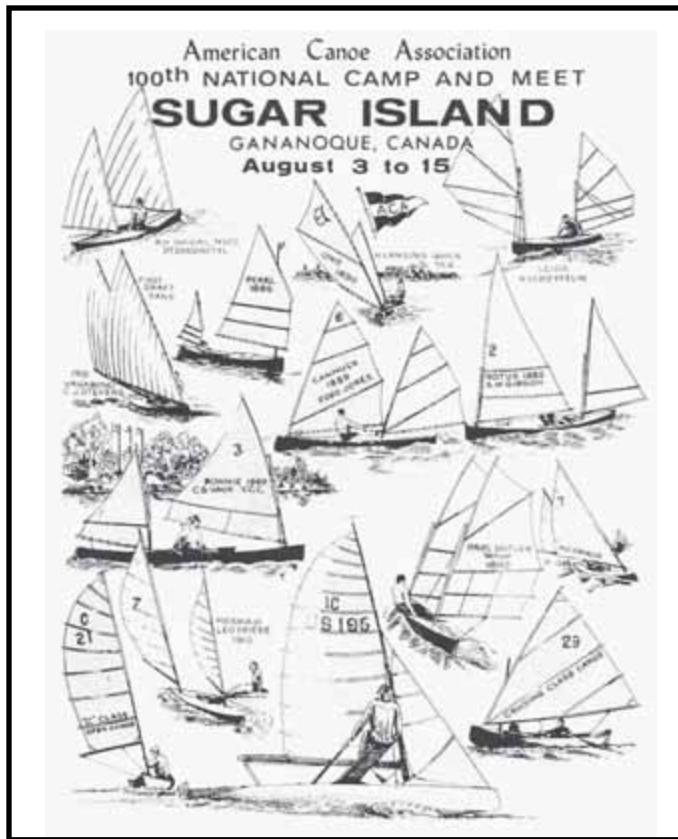
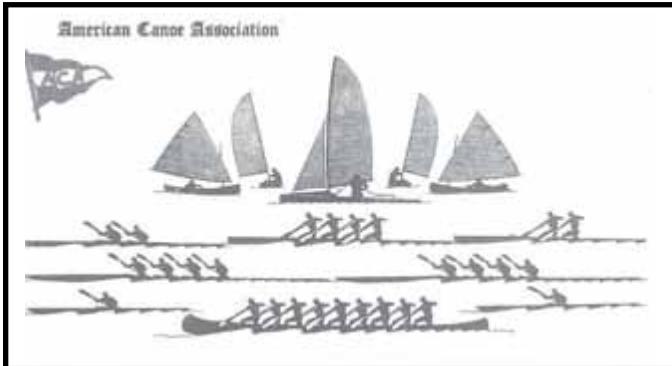
"I have no idea," countered Steve.

After a long search, they found the medals stuffed in the bottom drawer of Ruth's sewing machine! They were exquisite. Too bad we never photographed them. On the face of the heavy gold medal was a relief of a pair of canoeists paddling. The silver was the same. In time, Steve donated his medals to the City of Yonkers.

Did I mention that Steve was a very handsome man with a sparkling personality? Though he was in his mid-40s when he and Ruth joined Grants in 1957, they came to City Island on a daily basis for the next 25 years. Steve had exquisite, intense blue eyes, a magnificent, quick smile and curly white hair. He walked softly, almost as one imagined an Indian would walk. He was a modest, lovely man, a fine sailor, the consummate volunteer, a Marine, an artist, cartographer, an Olympian and almost a City Islander.

Right: Steve's illustration for an annual ACA Sugar Island summer gathering picturing a historical perspective of sailing canoes.

Below: Steve's back cover illustration for the 1991 ACA Yearbook.



Steve Macknowski was born on February 16, 1922, and very early in his life became interested in paddling. He made his first canoe from wood strips and discarded awning canvas and won the Westchester and Passaic County paddling championship in 1933 at the age of 11. He continued to paddle and he and his brother Al joined the Yonkers Canoe Club where they met Steve Lysak and his brother John, also a paddler. WWII interrupted their Olympic plans. Lysak, his brother John and Macknowski were all Marines during that conflict where they served America with honor and returned to the Yonkers Canoe Club and their Olympic dreams at war's end. In 2010 Stephen Macknowski tells his story of their Olympic journey:

"At a Yonkers Canoe Club meeting, we members talked about the forthcoming 1948 Olympic paddling races and tried to put together a team that would race well together. We were just home from the war and, while it was our dream to paddle in the Olympics, Lysak's brother John and my brother Al, both paddlers, were no longer available to race, so Steve and I paired together to become partners. I was 26 and Lysak was 36 when we successfully tried out for a spot on the US Olympic team.

We didn't have a lot of time to practice or to build a boat and because of war shortages the wood Steve wanted was hard to find. He planned to make a boat out of spruce because it was light in the water and strong. He finally found the wood he needed in White Plains, New York, and set about constructing the boat in the loft of the Yonkers Canoe Club. Even with Steve shaving down every piece of spruce he could spare, our boat weighed about 50lbs, at least 8lbs overweight. Although our boat was heavy I said to Steve, "We're gonna win this god-damned thing!"

The 1948 Olympics

Steve Macknowski



Steve Macknowski (in bow) and Steve Lysack pictured on cover of the 1958 ACA Yearbook, ten years after their Olympic victory.

For the trip to England we booked passage for ourselves and our boat on the *SS America* where, after we landed, our boat was taken by a flatbed freight car to the Marlow Rowing Club. The Marlow was a sumptuous, very beautiful old Victorian home converted into a rowing club, situated on the Thames. While the boat stayed at Marlow, Steve and I were quartered about three miles away in barracks especially set up for us so that we would have a place to eat and sleep. For about ten days before the race, we shared accommodations with paddlers from other countries. On one of those days at the club, Steve and I watched our Polish opponents put varnish on a boat when it was damp. It caused me to laugh because in America we would have never painted a hull when it was even slightly damp. Our Polish opponent heard me chuckle and in Polish (which Lysak and I understood) one of them said to his team-

mate, "they're laughing now, but they'll be crying tomorrow."

Steve and I never spoke during our six-mile Olympic race. We communicated by the strength and speed of our stroke. The object was to conserve our strength when possible and to spend it when needed. It was agreed between us that I would make these calls, therefore I was always in the bow. A decision about speed depended on our position in a race compared to that of our opponents; everyone's position was always in a state of flux and decisions had to be made immediately. We tried to maintain a second or third place at all times so that we could push forward or take it easy when needed. These races are fraught with great tension and spontaneous decisions.

We were in second place when I saw the finish line about 1,000 yards away. I quickly assessed our opponents' positions and I altered my stroke to indicate to Steve that now was the time for the final surge! This was a good judgment call because we surged forward to first place and had the strength and stamina to maintain our position right up to the finish line! In less than an hour of intense paddling, Steve Lysak and I paddled our way into Olympic history books and won America's first paddling Olympic gold medal! We were exhausted and exhilarated." (Later in a second race we took an Olympic silver.)

After the races our English friends rushed to congratulate us and there was a flurry of names and address exchanges. For 30 years, Steve and I corresponded with our English friends."

We came home to win the National two-man and then the four-man Senior races. Those were heady days when we were able to fulfill all our Olympic dreams in our heavy, homemade boat! But I have to confess that we were so exhausted that it took us a year to regain our pre-Olympic strength!"

West Harbor is perhaps my favorite cruising ground on Fishers Island, with the prevailing southwesterly wind delightedly giving me a beat or close reach across Fishers Island Sound from my home at Groton Long Point, Connecticut, and an easy broad reach or run home at the end of the day. There were many such enjoyable cruises to remember, but there was one that stands out in my mind even today.

I was 69 years old and single-handing my 23' Pearson Ensign sailboat from the Groton Long Point breakwater that October morning. The southerly wind that almost reached a boisterous Force 5 made the seas rough when I started out. *Spindrift* was heeling and swooping over the waves and I was whooping it up from the cockpit enjoying every minute.

However, I soon had to put on my slicker as spray was flying aft from the bow. I headed southeast toward Flat Hammock Island and the West Harbor entrance buoy. It is about two miles across. I was as close hauled as I could get without pinching, fighting a strong easterly current. The sea flattened out once I got behind Flat Hammock and the wind eased off to a good Force 4 from the southwest.

As a result, I had a delightful upright sail into West Harbor, Fishers Island. At this time of year the harbor looked almost deserted. There were not more than seven or eight boats at their permanent moorings, not at all like the busy summer season when the harbor was crowded with visiting yachtsmen and local boats. I used to check out the harbor from home, often to see so many boats there that they were forced to anchor in the outer harbor, almost into Fishers Island Sound.

West Harbor is a popular spot to stay overnight to be the jumping off point for Long Island Sound yachtsmen headed further "down east." I sailed all the way up to the gas dock, getting a good look at a lapstrake, sea-going, Anderson ketch anchored near there. Having to tack all the way in the narrow channel, I guess I held up an inboard fishing boat that was following me in. The skipper passed me with a friendly wave when my last tack took me to the extremity of the channel. I enjoyed the splendid scenery and the beautiful weather so much I wanted to try my run again. I came about and, with the wind at my back, I headed down the channel toward the harbor entrance.

From the records at the Mystic Seaport Museum I learned more about the history of West Harbor. The extensive land to port was called the "Peninsula" in the '30s and '40s. I marveled at the trees and green growth that extended all the way up to North Hill. It was not always this way. Fishers Island can be a stormy location. A US Navy meteorological report described the lower Thames River as a "hurricane haven" that between 1886 and 1996 drew a total of 84 tropical storms. The Great September gale of September 22-23, 1815, blew for 48 hours ending with a day-long, vicious southeast blow that kicked up a 17' storm surge and blew salt spray so far inland so heavily that thousands of trees died and wells became brackish.

Whole forests of trees were either broken down or torn up by the roots and were lying across each other. The storm stripped the Island's hills naked. They remained that way for more than a century. History tells us that in a panoramic photograph taken from Reservoir Hill on about 1910, fewer mature

20 Years of Cruising on Fishers Island and Long Island Sounds

Part 12

Cruise to West Harbor, Fishers Island, New York

By Lionel Taylor
(Groton Long Point Connecticut)

trees were visible than sailboats moored in Hay and West harbors.

It also tells us that Charles B. Ferguson, who was born on the Island in 1918, and was a long time resident and painter, wrote in 2000, "Sixty years ago the only 'real' woods were three small groves at the mid and east end of the Island. The former openness and long island vistas were more paintable for me than they are for me now. Until the 1950s, Fishers had the look of Ireland; stone walls, few trees and windswept moors." Since then, with attention given to new plantings, many of them from seeds blown in by the 1938 Hurricane, have returned Fishers to its pre-1815 foliage.

I got a little concerned in the channel and mooring field when my depth sounder failed to function, as it turned out temporarily, probably from seaweed on the sender or a weak battery, something I'd have to check when the day's cruise was over. As I proceeded down the channel I noticed Darby's Cove to the east able to be navigated only by small powerboats and rowboats.

The cove was truly deserted at this time of year, only two upside-down pulling boats laid on the shore. On the west side was the Inner Harbor guarded by Goose Island. Due north is what the old timers called the "real harbor." I watched people walking on the road ashore as I passed through several of the beautiful International One Design (I.O.D.) class boats swinging on their moorings, apparently anxious to go for one last sail before they had to be pulled ashore for the winter.

The International One Design has a long time history that began a little later in the season, a week after Christmas 1936 to be exact. It was then that Cornelius Shields, the man responsible for the class, rigged *Aileen* (named for his daughter) and sailed from City Island, New York, to the Larchmont Yacht Club. "I don't think I've ever had a more joyous day on the water," Shields recalled years later. "The boat was a delight to handle and balanced perfectly."

Shields was inspired to create the I.O.D. class in 1935 when he inspected a particularly attractive Six Meter class sloop in Bermuda. *Saga*, owned by Kenneth and Eldon Trimingham, which had been designed and built by Bjame Aas in Norway. Shields was bewitched by her full-length planks, noting that the glued on edged seams were so invisible her topsides shone "like the side of a porcelain bathtub." He'd been seeking a boat to replace the 29' Sound Interclub, then the most competitive class on western Long Island Sound.

Newer, faster designs threatened the future of the Interclub, which was designed in 1926, but a new Six Meter was beyond the

means of most racers during the Depression. Shields commissioned Aas to design and build a fleet of one design sloops that would be smaller, lighter, beamier and more affordable than a "Six," while retaining the more graceful long overhangs of that class.

The 33'5" I.O.D. measures 21'5" on the load waterline with a beam of 6'9" and a draft of 5'6". Displacement is 7,100lbs with 4,100lbs of ballast balancing a 45' mast and 466sf of sail. The first 25 boats (priced at \$2,670 each) were delivered to City Island in December 1936 and racing commenced in the spring. There are ten active I.O.D. fleets; in Bermuda, Norway, Sweden, Scotland, California, Northeast Harbor, NM, Long Island Sound, Fishers Island, Marblehead, and Nantucket, Massachusetts.

Class champions who went on to America's Cup and ocean racing success include Bob Bavier, Bill Cox, Arthur Davis, George Hinman, Ted Hood, Arthur Knapp, Bill Luders, Gus Mosbacher, (eight-time LIS champion) and George O'Day. The I.O.D. is the first one design class to be officially recognized as a "Classic Yacht" by the International Sailing Foundation (ISAF). Best of all, Chris Hood and Chris Stirling at C.W. Hood Yachts in Marblehead, MA can still build you a new "International."

The Island's burgeoning commercial port was an adventure as late as the 1880s. This was West Harbor, which was often called Great Hay Harbor to reflect one of the Island's main exports in the early years. In the 1880s the harbor was a busy place. Steam ferries called several times a day, fishing boats came out of Pirates Cove to the east, barges serviced the Sage Brick Works on the harbor's southeast shore and there was a small anchorage for the big steam yachts that could not fit in shallow Little Hay Harbor on the west coast.

Yet, as busy as it was, West Harbor, from its inner shore out to and across its wide, treacherous rock strewn mouth, was marked by only one government buoy located off North Hill. Today, the area has 11 buoys, 6 of them in the harbor mouth alone. Following years of appeals by businessmen, the Island's proprietors and elected officials, the Lighthouse Service in 1889 finally agreed to put out more buoys. With these new aids to navigation, West Harbor became more accessible not only to commercial vessels, but also to yachts.

As the years went by service to commercial vessels continued to grow. Boats traversing the Sounds grew larger and more powerful and with the introduction of more powerful engines the need for fuel increased. While the original *Clermont* carried a dozen cord of wood, the fast steamers on the Sound needed so much fuel that they could not carry all of it.

Instead of putting into a port to reload, they would pick up a "wood sloop" off Fishers Island and refuel without stopping. Competition forced the captains of the early Sound steamers to resort to such devices. Of course, coal would have occupied much less room, but coal firing was tried successfully only in 1836.

After that, it spread rapidly, replacing wood in a few years. West Harbor has also served as the recipient of stranded crews from Island groundings. Typical is the story of the steamer *C. Vanderbilt* (named for shipping and railroad tycoon Cornelius Vanderbilt) which was making a run from New

York to Stonington, CT, where the New England trains terminated, when a strong blizzard closed in and triggered a near catastrophe that luckily killed no one. Uncertain of his position, the captain anchored but the rode snapped and the *Vanderbilt* drifted onto the Island between Race Point and Silver Eel Pond.

All 71 passengers and the crew were safely taken off the stranded vessel as the captain trudged through the snow in search of rescue. Ox-drawn wagons eventually arrived to carry them to West Harbor (which a survivor called "the Mecca of all our hopes") only to discover that the rescue ship had run aground. The frustrated captain eventually found some fishing boats to ferry everyone to Stonington.

I left West Harbor with regret, leaving Hawks Nest Point to port and turned in a northwesterly direction that would eventually lead me into Long Island Sound. Across the harbor to starboard lay Clay Point which in the 1850-1860s used a "house on the hill" as part of the Sailing Directions to West Harbor from a marker in the middle of Fishers Island Sound. Without a buoyage system such as we have today, and with the rocky coastline of Fishers Island as it is, ship captains needed some sort of bearing to enable them to make a safe landing ashore.

The same Sailing Directions also used North Hill to port and Clay Point to starboard

to make an approach to West Harbor from the east. I sailed by Flat Hammock to starboard. To my left hand lay the north shore of Fishers Island. I left to port a flashing red buoy R "6" that marked the treacherous rocky shore that years ago was not buoyed and must have caused some ship groundings in fog for the unobservant ship captains.

In 1800 a man in the business of laying out privately owned navigation buoys had this to say about Fishers Island Sound; "there are some small bunches of rocks in the Sound that are covered at high water and are much in the way of people coming into the Sound who are not well acquainted with them." Such a warning of the Sound's timeless dangers might still be issued today when there are many government marks, but two centuries ago, in a time of official indifference to mariners, Fishers Island Sound was a minefield.

Only a few rocks were marked with lengths of iron, called spindles if they carried identification marks, or spears if they were naked, but even if they were not bent or swept away by storms or ice both were useless in poor visibility because they were not lit. A point of land might be marked by a beacon which was nothing more than a pile of rocks on which fires were lit.

The first lighthouses at the western entrances to the Sound were New London in 1760 and Watch Hill in 1807. Stonington

Point got a light in 1823 but most of the channels and harbors within the Sound remained unmarked for decades even though thousands of ships and boats were passing by the reefs every year from the early century on. The rocks off North Point were the only hazard marked by a buoy in those days.

I had a lovely beat (I loved to sail close hauled in a good breeze out to Bell Buoy #2 off North Point passing by South Dumpling Island called South Hantmock in the early days). South Dumpling is covered with trees and bushes and only populated by flocks of bird residents. The cacophony and guano smell is most noticeable. I made the turn for home leaving North Dumpling Lighthouse to starboard. This Island has a permanent resident for most of the year with only his boats and windmill to keep him company. North Dumpling was first lit in 1849 and with occasional rebuilding and refitting, continues to provide night time guidance to mariners.

I had a lazy run back to the Groton Long Point breakwater where the wind picked up and made preparations for entering the harbor difficult. I seldom sail in because of the incoming and outgoing boat traffic or adverse weather conditions. This time the wind had picked up to a strong Force 5 that made getting my jib and mainsail down and my 4hp outboard overboard a job for a single hander. Under power at last, I was glad to see my dinghy swinging at the mooring awaiting my arrival,

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I have a lot of respect for the United States Coast Guard and everything that they do. As members of the US Coast Guard Auxiliary my wife Jean and I support them as much as possible. I spend many hours standing radio watch at USCG Training Center Yorktown, working with the young Coast Guard folks going through various training programs at Boat Forces Center, where they learn about Coast Guard boats and operations and get to practice these skills out on the York River, working with a fleet of eight 25' boats, one 26', six 38', nine 41' and one 45' boat.

The training is pretty intensive and most of the Coast Guard small boat operators have been exposed to this training. They do good work there and go on to Coast Guard stations all over the country to put these skills to work, doing lifesaving, security patrols, law enforcement boardings and a host of other operations. I am proud to be associated with them.

However, in just one area they are outclassed, and that is in the lifesaving area. Jean and I got to know a couple of folks from the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, headquartered in Poole, England, when they were on temporary loan to Training Center, Yorktown. This was an exchange program, with a Chief Boatswains Mate from Yorktown being loaned to RNLI in Poole.

The RNLI is not a government operation; it is a charitable organization dating back to the 1700s for saving lives at sea and is entirely supported by donations. Imagine that, no tax money! The RNLI operates in England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland. You may have heard that sometimes the English and the Irish don't get along too well. The RNLI is held in such high regard that the Irish welcome them. I am told that the RNLI is the only organization in Ireland with "Royal" in its name.

The RNLI operates a training facility in Poole known as "The Lifeboat College," complete with dormitory, mess hall and extensive training facilities. So when Jean and I decided to visit England and Scotland we contacted Andy Whyte, one of the guys we had met at Yorktown, and made arrangements to visit the Lifeboat College and observe their training.

Arriving early Sunday afternoon we checked in to the dormitory and found the best room we had in four weeks in Great Britain. Jean went off shopping and I went to the bar and watched an F1 race on TV. That being

Royal National Lifeboat Institution

By Gaylord Lockett

done, Andy showed up and took us on a tour of the facility, including boarding/examining several of their boats. (The RNLI operates about five classes of diesel powered inboard ocean going lifeboats and five classes of outboard powered inflatables, plus a few hovercraft and small stuff for rescue work in marshes and rivers. All the inboards are self-righting, the inflatables have the ability to be righted, as explained later.

Where the USCG has "weather limits" on their boats (example, the 25' boats are limited to 30 knots wind and 4' waves) the RNLI imposes no limits. It is up to the judgment of the coxswain. After the tour we had a fine dinner in their mess hall (more of a nice restaurant) and early to bed.

Up the next morning for a great breakfast (they have a funny way of frying eggs, sort of "deep fried") and on to training. First topic is righting a capsized 21' inflatable powered with twin 40hp outboards carrying a crew of four. They have a very big indoor concrete pool in which is this boat, crew on board, engines running. Using an overhead gantry crane and a strap wrapped around the boat, they flip it over.

Of course, the crew gets thrown out and the engines quit. The crew has to gather at the stern of the upside-down boat, then pull a lanyard which inflates a cylindrical float attached to a framework at the stern. The boat flips right-side up, the crew reboards and, wonder of wonders, restarts the engines which are protected against water, and continue on their way to rescue somebody. I asked what happens if the boat capsizes a second time and was told that after the first flip they do not deflate this float as there is only one bottle of gas to inflate it.

OK, now we know how to right a boat that gets turned over. Useful knowledge as it seems to happen more often than you would think. They had training videos of a boat on a rescue getting flipped over, several times end over end going out through surf, a breaking wave getting under the bow and lifting it to where the wind could finish the job.

Anyway, we can right the boat, but what if we get separated from the boat? They have training for that also. In this same big pool, boat in water, crew in boat. Turn out all the lights, lower blinds over the windows so it is not quite pitch dark. Start some big fans blowing down. Turn on the wave making machine, puts 3' waves in the pool (lots of splashing)! Turn on random strobe lights, looks like lightning.

Then to add insult to injury, two guys with fire hoses on catwalks in the overhead. Now flip the boat and see if the entire crew can gather, hook together and swim. First time it was tried one crewman panicked, turned on his red helmet light. Fans, hoses and waves immediately turned off, lights come on, crewman is removed from water, back to square one with a replacement crewman. This time they made it. The guy who panicked is still with RNLI but is not qualified for rough water operations. They only get one chance!

Time for lunch, and on to a simulator with four other guys. Open what looks like an office door and walk in. Close the door and we would swear that we were in the wheelhouse of a large RNLI ocean rescue boat. I was assigned the position of radio operator. There are five seats, all with safety belts and shoulder harness. Two in front, two behind them and radio guy aft starboard side. The wheelhouse is narrow because the boat is narrow. Boat has twin 800hp diesels, not side by side as we would expect because the boat is too narrow, but one in front of the other. One direct drive, one "vee" drive.

Anyway, instrumentation is duplicated at all five stations. Each window is a flat screen showing a view of an ocean scene. For this exercise they had programmed a sinking oil tanker, complete with lifeboats being launched and people in the water. We were supposed to check out the situation and render aid. Complicating things was a lot of marine traffic; a Russian cruiser, a British submarine on the surface, a tug barge unit and another lifeboat that didn't seem to want to help but just kept making high speed passes at us. We did not do very well at rescuing folks, but I am proud to say the radio held up its end.

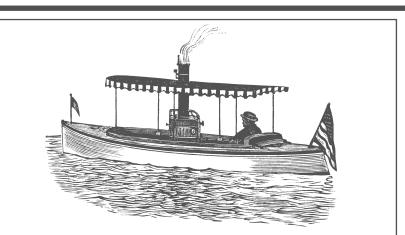
We had to leave, had reservations elsewhere. We saw part of one day's training. Guys and gals come usually for one week, sometimes two, for training. They volunteer for the RNLI and start serving in limited areas. After a year or two, if they show they are serious about it and have an aptitude for it, they will be sent to the Lifeboat College, and every few years they return to maintain or upgrade their skills. Almost all are volunteers. Each member carries a pager and can be at the station in a matter of minutes.

Arrangements must be made with employers that a person can leave their job on a moment's notice to go on a rescue mission. They call it a "shout," when they get a shout they report for duty. A lifeboat station will have one or two permanent paid people, all the rest donate their time. Both men and women serve. Most are in their mid-20s to mid-40s, no real old codgers like me. RNLI furnishes safety gear, which is incredibly expensive, and of course, the boats.

The stations are very small, modest places with radio rooms, equipment rooms and small training rooms. Also, many stations have boathouses incorporated. We visited the RNLI station on the Thames River, just upstream from where *HMS Belfast* is moored. This station is on a barge with two inflatable boats and is one of the busier ones. Later we visited RNLI station Broughty Castle in Scotland, with one inflatable on a cart on a marine railway and one large inboard for ocean work, kept moored afloat. (Remember, they have 25' boats over there.)

I have read that one of the reasons our Congress was so slow setting up the US Lifesaving Service is that they were hoping an organization like the RNLI would be established in this country, with all expenses borne by charitable donations. Despite a few small efforts the idea never took hold over here.

So, that's a little bit about RNLI. They do some really tough rescue cases, stuff that no USCG boat could tackle. But USCG has helicopters, which RNLI does not have. And to put it in perspective, the RNLI is a "one trick pony." They only do rescue work, where USCG has a multitude of missions. But also remember, no tax money!



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RNLI Thames station on barges.



RNLI training building.



RNLI training boats.



Over she goes!

Crew in water, boat upside down.



Boat righted, crew still in water. Note rescue swimmer standing in background.

Boat righted, crew back on board.





Boats of Guatemala

Lake Atitlan Cayucos

By Barry Long

The boats native to Lake Atitlan are the cayucos, a unique form of dugout canoe. We see these boats all over the lake, from dawn to dusk, though usually near shore where the fish are as fishing is their primary use. Rows of them are pulled up on the beaches of every small village and town along the shore.

What's interesting about these boats is not only their unique and consistent shape, but how they are made. When we think of a dugout canoe, we naturally think of a log hollowed out from the inside with the round outer surface of the tree forming the round bottom of the canoe. Not so here. Instead, the logs are cut in half lengthwise and the hull hollowed from the outside. This leaves the widest, innermost heart of the log as the flat bottom of the hull, exactly opposite, or upside down, to every other dugout I've ever seen.

This method appears to offer several advantages for the purpose and place they are used. For one, the wide flat bottom makes for a much more stable boat as it's hard chined like a sharpie skiff. As anyone who has tried to sit in a traditional style dugout is aware, a round bottom dugout canoe is extremely tender, such that a slight shift of weight from one cheek to the other will send it over, requiring considerable skill keeping upright.

At Atitlan, most of the fishing is done with nets handled by one man who operates both the net and the boat. The extra stability and carrying capacity of a flat bottom makes this possible, even in the choppy water of the lake.

Another advantage is the ability to get two boats out of a single log. Large trees are now scarce near the shore and builders seem to have adapted the design to the material available, not only getting two boats out of a single log, but the planks needed as well.



The boat starts as a dugout, hollowing the half log into a box, squaring up the sides, pointing the bow and working some rocker into the bottom. The next step is what gives these boats their distinct shape, a sort of coffin box with a church gable. Because the lake gets so rough in the afternoon, planks are added along the sides to raise the freeboard and more are added to form a high peaked, highly raked bow so the boats will lift and ride over a steep chop. Perhaps in the distant past, when large trees were plentiful, the high sides and bow could be carved directly from the log, all in one piece with the hull, but it appears they've used planks for a very long time.

Nails are dear, scarce as trees, so the planks are attached with very few. The seams are then sealed with a boiled pine resin that's applied while it's hot and soft. This not only makes the boat watertight, but acts as a form of glue. As the boat ages, the cracks and checks that inevitably form are sealed with pools of more resin, sometimes in combination with patches, and sometimes with more modern adhesives. Pine resin seals the seams. The marks from a chain saw slabbing the planks are still visible.

A thick section of the original log is left tall at the stern to support the aft plank and there are more interesting details here. All the boats have two short posts carved into the stern with holes bored through. These provide a purchase for hauling the boats out of the water and tying them down, but surely have another purpose, too. I never got close enough to a fishing boat to verify it, but my guess is the lines for the nets are tied here. This would allow the boats to be paddled forward easily to deploy the nets and draw them in a circle.

A few boats have seats, frames strung with leather or cord or fabric, but most do not. I did see old wet blankets in many boats and don't know what they were for. It's pos-

sible they're left damp to keep the hulls from drying and splitting in the sun.

In building my own boats, I have an arsenal of tools on hand; planers, scrapers, saws, chisels, rasps, routers, etc, etc. A whole workshop of tools. At Atitlan, the builders use one tool, a machete. In fact, during all our travels in the Guatemala countryside I only once saw another tool, a shiny new hammer that appeared to have never been used. But I saw machetes everywhere. I was hoping to buy a pocket knife (to replace the one the TSA took from me at the airport), but I never saw any. Apparently, if I need a knife in Guatemala I need a machete. Same goes for an axe, a plane and a saw. Whatever I ask for, the answer is a machete.

On a microbus ride through the countryside, a trip that at one point involved my riding on top with the luggage, the driver stopped to pick up a young boy and his grandmother at the side of the road. They both carried machetes. The little boy also wore a slingshot on his head. I bet he was a good shot, too.

Planks are now rough cut from logs by hand with a chainsaw, probably at the time the logs are split, but the shaving, shaping and smoothing are still done with a machete. As we were leaving San Antonio, I saw a man working on the inside of a hull, chipping away at the corners with the point of his machete, refining the shape, removing a little more wood, making the boat a little lighter and a little faster.

I guess in some ways boat builders are the same everywhere. In the boat next to him I noticed black roofing tar in the seams in place of pine pitch and asked him about it. Or rather, I pointed and gestured clumsily. But he knew exactly what I was asking and why. He said it was an "experimento," an experiment. Made me smile. Like I said, boat builders are the same everywhere.



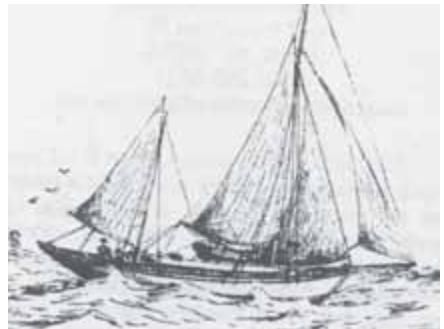
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When I was four and five years old I shared a bedroom with a Dutchman. He was my mother's stepfather. He was a baker on a ship that docked in New York. He jumped ship in New York and never went back. I think that he missed the Netherlands, though, because he filled my young head full of tales of windmills and dikes, but mostly he talked about the Zuiderzee. I always thought that I would like to go there. That was 70 years ago and now I decided to do it before I got any older.

I found a tour company that had Barge and Bike tours that included a trip that covered all of the major cities that made Holland so prosperous in its Golden Age, 1400 to 1900.

The Zuiderzee (Southsea) wasn't always there. It was created during a storm on the North Sea on All Saints Day in 1170. A violent storm beat up the coast, ripping up a lot of peat bogs in that area. This allowed the sea to rush



A punter. They come in different sizes but all had this same shape.



A close up of the hoisting equipment at a repair yard.

The repair yard with two boats hauled out and one empty slip.



Boats of the Netherlands

By Mississippi Bob

in, filling a large section of lowland in north central Netherlands. The Zuiderzee was created overnight. This freak happening changed Holland forever. The creation of the Zuiderzee created a place to build seaports and many of these seaports changed Dutch history, allowing Holland to become a world power.

The Dutch, always looking for ways to create more land, built a sea wall across the north end of the Zuiderzee in 1932. They then pumped the salt water out. They changed the sea into a fresh water lake called the IJsselmeer (Ijssel Lake). Many of the towns that are now on the lake have changed from fishing villages to farming communities.

I arrived in the Netherlands and took a ten minute train ride from the airport to Amsterdam. I had a day to kill before showing up at the cruise ship. This gave me time to get over the jet lag that happens when one travels east bound for seven time zones. I walked to my hotel, checked in and unloaded my bag. Then I started touring Amsterdam on foot. The city has 165 canals and I believe that nearly all of them are lined with boats moored on one or both sides. The variety of boats blew my mind. Double enders seemed popular. I saw many that looked to be retired ship's life boats but I also saw a lot of house-boats and a lot of smaller skiffs mixed in.

My tour packet said that there are 2500 houseboats in Amsterdam. I believe that and a large number are liveaboards. There is nothing glitzy about these boats. They are houses built on barges about 40' long. I saw large sections of canal that were all house-boats moored where they could connect to the city water, sewer and power supplies.

The next day I found our boat (ship) the *Anna Antal*. She was tied to a pier near the train station. I went aboard to check in. These boats used for the barge and bike tours are mostly converted canal freighters. Our boat was just shy of 200' long. It had a main cabin that filled the center of the boat with a very short foredeck. It had a deck aft of the cabin where the bikes were carried. Behind that deck was another cabin where the crew stayed.

On top of the crew's cabin was a sun deck where folks could relax and smoke. The wheelhouse was above the aft end of the main cabin. It was just high enough to allow 360° view for the pilot but still low enough to get under the many bridges. The main cabin housed a dining area on the main deck and passenger cabins below. It was comfortable but not luxurious.

A collection of old Tjalks at the Zuiderzee museum.



After checking in I spotted a boat moored very near our ship. It was, I learned, a Tjalk. Try to pronounce that. I don't speak Dutch very well. I took a dozen photos of this boat, not knowing that I would see hundreds of its sister ships in the next week. These are the classic boats that say Holland all over. The Tjalk is a blunt double-ended boat with barn-door sized leeboards. Most of these boats have a single mast and very often a cutter rig with two headsails. I saw a few with mizzen masts but not many. They were originally used both as fishing vessels and cargo haulers.

The older ones were wooden boats and the later ones steel. Some were built as early as 1890 and are still floating. They built the same type of vessel until about 1920 when they began replacing the fleet with power-boats. Most of these boats have been converted to yachts. I learned from our captain that there is also a boat called a Kofyalk. These are seagoing versions of a similar boat.

Another boat that I saw a lot of was what they call a punter. I saw them all over where we traveled but especially in the area of Giethoorn. This is a small village that was originally in the peat trade. They harvested peat for a few centuries and what is left was a lot of canals. The place is now a tourist town and they rent punters so folks can explore all the canals. The ones that they rent are mostly powered with a small electric outboard motor. They call them whisper boats.

The punters that I saw were made of steel welded up. They were flat bottomed with a lot of flare in the side panels. There were also upper panels with a lot of tumble home. I feel this shape gives the boat much strength without a lot of internal framing. The gunnels are pieces of pipe welded to the top panel. They had thwarts but almost no other internal framing. They had to be pretty easy to build, just like a stitch and glue, only welded.

Most of the punters had one set of thole pins, although I only saw one being rowed. That one was about 20' long and had about six kids and four adults on board. It was being driven with oars that looked very much like 2"x6"s, tapered slightly.

I saw a large number of nice modern motor yachts and a few runabouts some with American names on them. On Sunday, when we were crossing a bay of the IJsselmeer on a ferry, I saw a lot of modern yachts out enjoying the day. I noticed many of the sloops had blue sail covers that were attached under the boom and open at the top. The top edge of this cover was held up with lazy jacks. Clever people those Dutch. With a rig like that it is pretty easy to furl the sail.

The captain and I got along very well. We had led parallel lives. He had been in the Dutch Coast Guard. After that he had piloted canal boats for several years before



The *Anna Antal*.

he retired. Being captain for the Bike and Barge fleet was a retirement job. He only worked for that company four or five weeks a year. About the third day we got a long ride on the ship. We crossed the IJsselmeer and into some smaller lakes and finally into a canal. I spent a good bit of time that day in the wheelhouse swapping sea stories with the skipper.

In the lake I saw a four-masted schooner running downwind with all the square sails on the foremast set and a couple of fore and aft sails on the other masts. The captain explained that they carried a bunch of passengers who acted as crew. I hoped that they had a few crewmen that knew what they were doing.

As we traveled from town to town I saw many more of the Tjalks, they were everywhere.

One evening as we were walking around a town we stopped and watched two boats meeting in the harbor. There was a long line of boats moored in this long slim harbor. They were parked diagonally leaving only enough room for one boat to pass by getting out of the harbor. Both boats came to a full stop, then the outbound boat found a spot large enough to turn into as if he were mooring. He let the incoming boat pass, then he backed out and proceeded out into the lake for an evening sail. Very good seamanship I would say about both skippers.

In general I watched a lot of boats maneuvering and noticed that these folks were good. They knew how to handle their boats. The skipper of our boat could maneuver that 200-footer as easily as I work my canoe. He had a single screw boat with a 200hp engine and a bow thruster forward, both controlled from the wheelhouse. He could stop the boat and move it sideways with little effort.

Having worked on the Mississippi River as a lock man for many years I have developed a bad attitude about American yachtsmen. I have the opinion that about one in twenty know how to properly handle a boat. Not so for these Dutchmen.

An earlier cargo boat on display in the museum.



A four masted schooner with a square sail on the foremast.

I saw ships, barges, moving about the countryside very often. I'd look across a farm field not even realizing that there is another canal until I would see a ship moving across the field in front of me. These canal boats haul everything. They are the semi-truckers of the Netherlands. We rode by many that were moored in the harbors waiting to load or unload cargos.

On some we could see the lady's touch, curtains in the cabin window and such. These were family boats. A man and his wife were the crew. According to our captain many of the wives were also licensed and usually just as good pilots as their husbands. Often the kids would ride along, until they reached school age when they moved in with relatives on shore or went to a boarding school.

On our last evening on board the guide took us all ashore and across downtown Amsterdam to a place where we caught a canal tour boat. These boats are all very similar. They are about 50' long with about 20' beam. They have a glass canopy so tourists could see out in any kind of weather. They maneuvered through the canals in the old part of town giving a narrated tour (in five languages). They are single screw boats with no thrusters. They would maneuver around 90° corners with ease and work their way through bridges that were only a couple feet wider than their beam with ease.

This was on a Friday evening and the canals were crowded with all kinds of boats. Many were recreational boats filled with young Dutchmen and their ladies, all toasting us as we passed with their cans of Amstel beer. The operators of the tour boats were good.

The next morning as I was getting ready to depart I spotted the skipper also getting off with his bag. I asked him if he was headed home and he said, "no I'm getting on that boat for the next week," pointing at a different barge.

I was somewhat surprised and I asked him if it wasn't a problem going from one boat to another. He said, "No, it's just like driving a truck." I thought about that and came to realize that yes, it was just like driving a truck. These Dutch have a different attitude about a lot of things.,



I spotted this ship and had to stop for a photo. I believe it is a barque.

A typical modern self-propelled cargo barge.



"Hi ya, Bill! Where's my crab net?" That hail preceded the prettiest piece of seamanship I have ever witnessed," H.A. Callahan recalls. "I was sitting fishing on the dock at New Suffolk on Peconic Bay, then the center of the Long Island scallop fisheries. The hail came from a scalloper who was sailing past the dock. Bill was fishing by my side. He replied, 'I got it right here.' With that, the scalloper pointed his sloop into the wind, made some rapid adjustment to jib sheet and main sheet, jumped into his dinghy, and sculled lazily over to the dock. He tied up at the ladder, climbed the dock, counted and commented on all the fish his friend Bill had caught, retrieved his crab net, discussed all the latest gossip, and after 15 or 20 minutes descended to his dinghy, sculled out to his boat, tied the dinghy astern, trimmed his sheets, and resumed sailing. All that time that big sloop (she was about 45' overall with a clipper bow and a long nose pole) stayed right where he had left her and did not move a foot from her position. It was a wonderful example of the difficult art of heaving a boat to."

For thousands of years, sailors have been heaving to in all kinds of weather. Some of them wrote about it. They can tell us what it is and how best to do it. To heave to is to "bring a ship to a standstill by setting the sails so as to counteract one another." An old phrase for heaving to captures the principle "counter bracing." While the net effect is that the vessel is to be at a standstill, the boat is really going through a series of movements that cancel each other out. You heave a ship or boat to "on the wind with her helm to leeward and her sails shortened and trimmed so that when she comes up to the wind she will fall off again on the same tack and thus makes no headway." Thus Robisons says that a ship heave to "is not like a mere log but has a certain motion which keeps her under command."

Heaving To

By Duncan Wright



In the channel: Hove to for dinner.

Alan Villiers says that the square rigger knew two kinds of heaving to. "One was in fine weather... (where) the ship would lie quietly, practically still." The other "was in bad weather, when she was hove to like an albatross asleep on the sea, with her head tucked under her wing, shortened down, and no longer fighting to make headway but giving slowly to the seas, coming up a little, failing off a little, drifting to leeward under minimum canvas." Sailors in square riggers made the most use of heaving to. Sailors of small open boats also can heave to, to make repairs, eat, rest, or wait for friends in other boats to catch up. They can do this if the wind is not too strong.

John Hart says that a 14' centerboard sailboat will lie comfortably hove to in wind strengths of Force 4 or less. When the wind increases to Force 5 (17-21 knots), many whitecaps will appear. The wind will blow some of the tops of the white caps off into spray. In a protected bay any white caps at all suggest a Force 5. At this point "it becomes difficult and rather dangerous to heave to, as a stationary boat is very vulnerable to a strong gust which may blow it over, especially if the centerboard is down." (In Force 5 or above, a small open boat should lie to a sea anchor.) Let's say the wind is Force 4 or less and you would like to heave to. On which tack should you do so? Saint Luke has an answer.

The Romans had taken Paul and Luke prisoner in Caesarea and placed them on a grain ship with 276 crew and passengers, bound for Rome. It was late autumn. The ship stopped at Fair Havens, on the southern coast of Crete. They began to sail to Phenice, a more sheltered harbor just a few hours away. However, a northeasterly gale blew in and pushed them past Crete. The captain hove to on starboard tack. When the boat drifted, it drifted west towards Italy where he wanted to go. On the fourteenth day the captain ran the ship onto a beach at Malta where "all came safe and sound to land."

If the direction of drift is not important, the *American Practical Navigator* advises heaving to "on whatever tack permits the shifts of wind to draw aft." For example, Alan Watts notes that in the northern hemisphere the worst of a passing cold front occurs when the wind shifts suddenly clockwise with strong gusts. In that case it would be good to be on starboard tack.

If a shift in the wind is not a concern, heaving to on starboard tack gives you the right of way. This could be useful for small boats, according to Lynn and Larry Pardey,

"as larger sailing boats in your waters might carry on through squalls and see your boat hove to." Having decided on which tack to heave to, you can begin.

To heave to in a small sailboat, Hart suggests luffing the boat slowly until head to wind. Fix a transit on the shore, look at two landmarks right behind each other to determine when you have stopped. Then back the jib, "not too much at first," and sheet in the main. Raise the centerboard halfway. "If the wind is strong this could be dangerous," so raise the centerboard, perhaps two-thirds. "In light dinghies the mainsail does not need to be used. Simply put the helm down hard and keep it there and use it to counteract the effect of the backed jib. By trial and error you will find the combination of jib-mainsail-helm which best suits your particular boat." The boat will eventually settle so that it lies with the wind slightly on the weather bow. In very strong winds the jib will need to be backed only a little, and if the head blows off then lower the centerboard more." If no combination of jib-mainsail-helm works, consider taking the sails off and lying to a sea anchor. When the boat has settled down, consider which way you are drifting relative to the direction of the wind and waves.

While hove to in light air your boat might not drift any more than the scalloper's did. In heavier winds the boat will drift. It should drift square to the wind, that is, at 90 degrees to the wind. As Captain Voss says, "The wake then, instead of being under the stern as in the case of sailing, will appear along the vessel's weather side, which has a most wonderful effect in smoothing down breaking seas on their approach." Let's say you have hove to successfully and wish to get underway again. You'll remember that your boat is not a "mere log," but under your command. Lower the centerboard. Wait for the boat to fall off. Bring the tiller amidships or to windward. When well off, let the jib draw and you're sailing.

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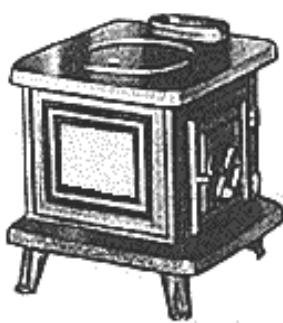
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Sometime ago I found a great little boat "free to a good home" in an ad in *MAIB*. I made a phone call and arranged to pick up this very cool "fixer upper." The boat was designed by L. Francis Herreshoff and can be found in his book *Sensible Cruising Designs*. My project boat is his "Double Paddle Canoe," Chapter One in the book. Of course, I studied every word he wrote regarding construction of this boat, but Mr Herreshoff doesn't just give construction details, he has a way with words and doesn't hold back on any opportunity to voice his opinion on all things nautical. I recall reading in one of my Bolger books that he considered LFH a mentor, and when I compared Herreshoff's writings with Bolger's, I found a similarity of common sense and forthrightness in both their words and approach to boat design.

What follows are several of LFH's strong opinions on cruising boat scenarios:

Companions or Crew

Your companion on a cruise has a far greater effect on the success of the venture than any cabin arrangement. Beware of those guests who board you with portmanteaus and satchels filled with shaving gear, sunburn lotion, and sport clothes. If they do ever unpack, the H-28 will look like the combination of an apothecary shop and second hand clothing store. They will spend most of their time on board pawing over bags looking for that gadget which, although they don't know it, was left at home on the bureau where they will find it at long last on their return.

Watch out also for those females who are triced-up and gasketed-in in some futile attempt to alter their model from that of a Hanseatic Cog to a Whitehead torpedo, for if called on deck early in the morning to hear the birds caroling overhead, they will be about as good natured as a hermit crab snapped out of its shell, which was built by another. Beware also of those beauties who are periodically rebuilt and refitted at the dockyard of some beautician, whose only ambition is to look "killing" and whose murderous claws are painted as if they were an accessory to the fact.

These females might be alright if you can afford a steam yacht with a French maid to assemble them in the morning and unrig them at night, but on the H-28 there will be no room for their spare gear and top hamper, and they will affect the smooth working of the H-28 like a monkey wrench in the crankcase.

But there are girls (God bless them) who can take it, are real companions and helpmates, who can stand a trick at the tiller or the galley. That's the kind that's right up our alley. If you have some kind of a life contract or agreement with such a one, you had better build a golden halo around her in your mind's eye and let her know it once in awhile, for you and her working together can bring out all the pleasure, charm, and melody there is in a craft like the H-28.

The kind of companion you want is one who likes either the east wind fresh from the Gulf Stream or a west wind that has blown through the needles of ten thousand pine trees, who can enjoy the dramatic prelude of a thunder squall or, when the fog bank rolls in from the old Atlantic, will hand you the right chart and help you make a true fix.

Cruising Philosophy

Remember now, keep the cabin simple with everything stowed where it won't get

L. Francis Herreshoff Some Thoughts from *Sensible Cruising Designs*

By Jake Millar

Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

wet or shifted in a knockdown. Eat sensibly. Don't get sunburned, for no berth is comfortable under those circumstances. Make the whole cruise an interesting game where you have pitted your own wits against the elements; try to do everything in the best and simplest way, try to improve your technique each time, rest and relax whenever you can for there may be some occasion coming when you will need a well-rested mind and body. If you cruise this way for a week in a small sailboat you will be greatly refreshed and strengthened, and if you go for a whole month you will feel like a Clydesdale stallion in the leafy month of May.

Cooking Aboard

Now, Gentle Reader, while on the subject of cooking in small craft I am apt to get a little excited, so if I cast loose a broadside or two don't be alarmed, for I only hope to rake some of the devils, both male and female, who are spoiling much fun on the water and shortening people's lives, as well as prostrating good sailormen for a couple of hours a day in the best sailing weather. Some of these gluttons and show-offs want a galley with great headroom to carry off the steam from four or five pots, kettles, and pans stewing at once, and while I pity them as galley slaves, their egotism is driving them to the hardest kind of work just to show off.

These are invariably the ones who serve up the meals one or even two hours later than one is used to eating. It is said they do it on purpose so the poor guest has acquired an unnatural appetite and will think the devilish cook a wizard, but during this two hour wait with the guest's stomachs rumbling and grumbling, only fed with cocktails, the men folks up in the cockpit getting fighting mad, so quite likely someone will say something that was intended as a joke but will be taken by the other empty stomach as an insult.

Well, when the rich, over-seasoned food is served up everyone will gobble it down so quickly that they are beyond their plimsoll marks before they know it and have to spend the afternoon in gradually overcoming this tax on the system. More than one will resort to pills or effervescent medicine for relief while they sit or lie sweltering in their blubber. Of course, the whole day has been wasted and it is doubtful if the galley can be straightened out before the next weekend.

So, Gentle Reader, please don't write in to me about the wonderful idea you have of spoiling Rozinante with a dog house for a galley, for if you like eating better than sailing, you should stay home and have a barbecue in the back yard. Then you can turn in and sleep off your gastronomical jag. There is no reason why good meals for two or four cannot be served up on time in rain or shine from the space allowed for a galley on Rozinante, and the cleaning up will be a matter of minutes. If the steward happens to be an egotist or exhibitionist, he will get much more credit and satis-

faction from serving good meals on time from a small space, for that really calls for a dexterity not described in cook books, while somehow or other those light meals taken while underway taste much better than the kind previously described which sink the captain and crew beyond the ability to enjoy sailing.

On Shallow Draft Boats

A great many people have asked for the design of a shallow draft yacht or cruising boat. Apparently there are many who would like to cruise in some of the very shallow lagoons and bays of the Gulf of Mexico, Florida, Albemarle Sound, and the Chesapeake, and I can say from my own experience that even in New England waters some of the most pleasant cruising grounds require shallow draft.

Meadow Lark is a suitable name for this craft for she could venture inland and, you might say, skim over the marshes and meadows as the joyful bird of that name does over many of our fields which border the Atlantic. The boat is somewhat reminiscent of the *Lark of Tom Day*'s time.

There are many today who can visualize a different type of yachting than ocean racing and who would like to spend their vacations in pleasure with comfortable relaxation. Some of these people have artistic tastes and know that the prettiest scenes are along shore, with the woods in the background contrasting with the marshland, beach, and river banks. They would like to anchor in sheltered places, or lie on the bottom of a sandy inlet, cook supper in comfort, and sleep in without worry.

On Leeboards and Kick-up Rudders

Leeboards are used on Meadow Lark instead of a centerboard for the three following good reasons:

1. They are cheaper and no great disadvantage on a boat that will do little quick tacking.

2. They take up no room in the cabin, whereas a large centerboard box sometimes quite spoils a cabin.

3. (And most important.) Having no centerboard box allows the frames to pass from side to side so the bottom can be strong enough for almost any kind of stranding.

Some Dutch boats take the bottom every tide and think nothing of it, whereas a centerboard slot, if long, opens or closes if the bottom of the yacht is strained by stranding, and the slot is invariably jammed with mud, sand, or pebbles, so the centerboard cannot be lowered again until the mess has been cleared away.

The rudder is an improved pattern that will swing or fold backwards when striking bottom, or can be hauled up with a pennant, so that altogether Meadow Lark can be run into very shallow water. The draft amidships and aft, being only 15", would allow one to wade around her, if there were a level bottom, without getting wet above the knees. Way forward she only draws 6" or 8", so a tender is not at all necessary.



25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**

*Harold Dunn...
way ahead of his time!*



Sixty-five years ago, in 1922, a guy named Harold Dunn began to build sea kayaks at his home in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Dunn? Right, a name known to today's sea kayakers for nicely made fiberglass Greenland type boats built near Buffalo, NY. No, Harold's not still building them, today's Dunn is his son, Bob, and Bob has filled us in on his father's early pioneering of a way of boating that many today think of as a "new" sport.

"My father started building kayaks in Gloucester in the fall of 1922. They were of wood beam and stringer construction covered with stretched canvas, painted battleship gray and varnished. The wood was usually cedar and he also used pine and spruce. Most of the coamings were nicely finished mahogany with brass fittings. Ash, oak and elm also were employed with pine outwales.

The first boats were built in an old fish shack at Lane's Cove. The shack still stands. Later on, he made them in our basement on Langsford St.

His kayaks evolved slowly, small changes were made with each craft and custom fitted to the individual buyer. Hull and deck designs were modified through the years. Somewhere along the line, he discovered unbleached cotton and airplane dope made a light, tight skin material and he switched over to that. Later came dacron and

Bob Dunn in his father's 1927 kayak.

then dacron with a light fiberglass cloth laminated to it.

I have his original (1922) molds set up in my basement and have made wood frames from them. I use a skin covering of dacron laminated to kevlar. I also have his other set of molds that incorporated his design changes. This later set of molds was made sometime between 1942 and 1945 while I was overseas. His boats were fast and seaworthy.

We used to go out after northeast storms and ride the swells off Halibut Point. When you were down in the trough all you could see was water. Up on the crest you saw the whole world! Great fun! We'd go camping on Hog Island in the Essex River, Plum Island and at Wingaersheek Beach. We each carried an army shelter half, blanket, cooking gear made from tin cans and we foraged much of our food.

One of his kayaks was exhibited at the Chicago Worlds Fair, I think it was in 1934. It was taken to the Fair on board the schooner GERTRUDE L. THEBAUD, Captain Ben Pine, skipper. The THEBAUD and Captain Pine did battle with the Nova Scotia schooner, BLUE-NOSE, in those famous and controversial races.

One year when Franklin D. Roosevelt sailed from Washington to Maine, my father and I paddled out to see him as his yacht came out of the Annisquam into Ipswich Bay. There was a stiff northwest breeze

and it was quite choppy. The escorting destroyers and ships were awesome from our perspective. When we returned, the breakers were pounding pretty heavily around the Plum Cove ledges.

We used to swim at Plum Cove. We'd stand up in the kayaks, dive out, then crawl back up on the stern and WALK back to the cockpit. After that, my father strengthened the deck beams.

I still paddle one of his kayaks built in 1927. It's a little tipper than the boats I build today, due, I think, to 3/4" narrower beam and the higher position of the seat, which raises the center of gravity. It is fast. I've done sprints with downriver racing kayaks and held my own or even a little better.

We did most of our paddling in Ipswich Bay between Annisquam and Rockport. We hardly ever had a compass. When it was foggy, we could usually guess our position by the sound of the foghorn off Rockport and the siren located at the Annisquam light.

When it came to paddles, he made his own out of the lightest oars he could find. He shaved the shafts and scarfed them together using pegs, glue and a beautiful whipping to cover the joint. He also believed in a narrow blade such as I see some present day makers offering for coastal use. The lengths varied from 8' to 9'. He also paddled with the blade closer to the water so the wind wouldn't catch under it. The double paddles were feathered at 90 degrees but I have one feathered at 85 degrees also.

I still have full size lofting patterns for his boats, for deck and floor beams, coamings, stem and stern pieces. The patterns were cut from galvanized steel and also aluminum.

My father paddled up until the day he died, despite an agonizing hip injury. He felt good when he put his stern into the cockpit and paddled off from Lane's Cove to Folly Point to go for a swim."





Harold "Cappy" Dunn in the original kayak shed.



The 1927 Dunn kayak today, 50 years later.

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The International Scene

Wallet restraint by US consumers has kept US import volume flat but experts expect a rise by summer's end when retailers build up inventories.

Will LNG shipping rates rise? At least one shipping company thinks so. It turned down a one-year charter at \$125,000 a day of its newbuild LNG carrier *Stena Crystal Sky*, preferring a daily rate of \$110,000 over only 210 days.

Anyone owning own a capesize bulker hauling iron ore from Australia to China, has been enjoying the record rate of more than \$8 per tonne.

Oil giant Shell applied to US regulators for permission to drill six wells in the Chukchi Sea. Permission was granted, perhaps because polar bears were recently re-categorized as merely "threatened" rather than "endangered."

More than 40% of about 600 Dutch and British mariners have personally experienced bullying, harassment or discrimination at work within the last five years. Less than half felt they could make a complaint.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

As usual, there were collisions and allisions: The container ships *CCNI Rimac* and *CSAV Petorca* collided at Shanghai and a fire started on the *Rimac* when water reacted with inflammable goods in a container. The crew was evacuated and the ship was moved outside the port while authorities looked for 26 of its containers that had fallen into the sea.

Ships ran aground: While being towed to a scrapping beach at Alang, the cargo vessel *Wisdom* broke free and ended up in Mumbai's Jubal Beach. After three attempts, it was freed by two powerful tugs.

In Indonesia, the crew of 28 manning the bulker *Sunny Partners* were rescued by a tug after it ran aground while on a voyage with a cargo of bauxite.

In Indonesia again, the container ship *Al Rawday* ran aground near the Rock Island Chain at Sambu Batam and the chief engineer had a fatal heart attack during the incident. The ship had just left Malaysia's Port Klang.

Fires and explosions took a toll: While it was discharging cargo at Luanda, fire broke out on the *UAL Antwerp*, probably in a tank of kerosene. Due to the firefighters' extensive efforts, the ship took on so much water that it was beached to keep it from sinking.

The cooling unit on a Dutch semi-trailer burst into flame on the ro-ro ferry *Schleswig-Holstein* en route from Puttgarden to Rodby, but a deckhand on routine patrol spotted the fire and extinguished it.

The container ship *APL Chiwan* suffered from main engine camshaft problems off the coast of China but they were fixed. Two days later, an engine fire disabled the ship. A tug was called for a 100-mile tow to Hong Kong while onboard generators continued to power the coolers on refrigerated containers.

Unusual things happened: Inland sand pits often use floating dredges and the *Robert R Woodington* lost its cutterhead and ladder when an underwater landslide occurred. What to do? Hire a marine salvage company to recover the head, now 100' deep and covered by more than 70' of sand and clay mix. The successful recovery team included five divers, a sectional barge with a crane and airlift and jetting equipment.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

At Algeciras in Spain, the 509-teu feeder ship *Deneb* flopped on its starboard side at a wharf for unknown reasons.

In Israel, the bulker *Avramit* spilled oil on the coral beach between Marina and the border of a coral reserve. The oil was quickly pumped up and the Gulf of Eilat was spared further pollution.

In Rotterdam's Caland Canal, the bunker tanker *Vialis* embarrassed itself by breaking in half while refueling the chemical/oil tanker *Marida Mimosa*.

At Beirut, a shore crane unloading the *Laguna* collapsed across the *Darya*, seriously damaging that ship. Both are small cargo ships.

Humans were rescued: Although the vessel owner said there was no emergency, the master of the small tanker *Pavit* disagreed and used email to ask for help. As a result, Falmouth Coastguard in the UK coordinated the removal of 13 Indian crewmen off the vessel, which had been drifting for several days about 120 miles off Oman with mechanical problems and a crew growing increasingly seasick. A helicopter from the frigate *HMS St Albans* made 27 trips to transfer the *Pavit*'s crew to the Indian tanker *Jag Pushpa*, which agreed to repatriate the men to India.

Off Long Island, a Coast Guard small boat took a sick sailor off the *USS Oak Hill* (LSD-51) after he was disabled by abdominal pains.

In Alaska near Valdez a Coast Guard chopper took off the chief engineer of the 150' tug *Sea Voyager*. He was also suffering from abdominal pains. Another Alaska based helicopter took a fisherman off the 50' fishing vessel *Heidi Linea*. He had bad back pains from a fall on the FV.

Gray Fleets

Thou shalt lead a pure life. The US Navy has dismissed at least 29 commanding officers in the last two years. Included were 9 commanding officers for sexual harassment or inappropriate relationships in the last 18 months. Three others were dismissed for alcohol offenses and two others for personal misconduct. And the Navy is currently investigating reports of hazing on the submarine *USS Tennessee*. Meanwhile, in Alaska, details were released on why the commanding officer of the Coast Guard patrol boat *USCGC Anacapa* was relieved of his command earlier this year. He had tried to get the vessel underway while intoxicated.

Soviet warships operated openly off the Virginia coast. They were part of a two-week long international exercise originally designed to lessen Cold War tensions. Other participating nations were France, the UK and the US.

The British destroyer *HMS Liverpool* has been having an eventful tour off Libya in Operation Unified Protection. In May it was under attack by 40 rockets and her 4.5" main gun returned fire on the rocket battery near Misrata, the first time the main guns of a British warship have been fired in anger since Iraq in 2003. Then it used its 4.5" gun again,

this time to thwart an attempt by four Libyan boats (three rigid hulls and one small boat) to disrupt shipping in the Gulf of Sirte. At least one boat was destroyed.

The Philippines will no longer buy secondhand naval equipment from the US but might lease relatively new US equipment rather than wait for surplus material to become available. Announced object of the new policy? To make the Philippines into a strong US ally. (The Philippines still uses WW II vintage ex-US destroyers.) That nation also rebranded the South China Sea as the West Philippine Sea, thus mimicking the US's recent renaming of the Persian Gulf as the Arabian Gulf.

Want to buy some surplus military and naval stuff? Australia is selling up to 24 ships, 180 aircraft, 600 armored vehicles, 12,000 other vehicles and so on. The proceeds will, hopefully, help pay for a massive \$61 billion planned upgrade of the Ozzie defense forces.

Where better to train boarding teams than on a WW II vintage museum steamship? Florida Coast Guardsmen used the *US American Victory* as a training arena while it was moored at The American Victory Ship Mariners Memorial Museum at Tampa.

China is hell bent on getting aircraft carriers. Photos showed concrete replicas of a carrier superstructure and a jump jet flight deck, both far inland. The half-built ex-Soviet carrier *Varyag*, which a Chinese businessman bought with the announced goal of converting it into a floating casino, was taken over by the government and it will become China's first aircraft carrier.

And several Chinese businessmen have put in bids for the retired British carrier *Ark Royal*, with the announced intentions of converting it into a floating showcase for high technology items. Two other ex-Soviet carriers, the *Kiev* and *Minsk*, are now part of Chinese military theme parks.

Last year the US Navy acquired 59,000 Chinese made microchips, each counterfeit and each equipped with a "back door" that could allow nasty tricks such as admitting signals to shut off the chip.

Women will be allowed to man Royal Navy subs now that fears that fumes might affect fetuses carried by pregnant submariners have been allayed. Other nations allowing female subbies are the US, Australia, Canada, Denmark, Sweden and Norway.

A Royal Navy commander failed to notify the education authority that he had separated from his wife of 20 years and thus he was able to illegally accept nearly £75,000 to send his two children to a boarding school.

It won't help US unemployment figures shoreside but about 3,000 US Navy sailors will be released as surplus to decreasing needs. They will get no severance package and no retirement since most will not have served long enough to qualify.

White Fleets

The 122,400-ton cruise ship *Celebrity Silhouette* was floated out at an inland German shipyard and needed to be taken to the North Sea Dutch port of Eemshaven for completion. The 26-mile route involved a narrow, winding river, several very tight spots with less than 5' of clearance and passage through a railroad bridge that was too narrow for the vessel. (A crane on a barge created just enough room by removing the bridge's center span and moving it out of the way.)

And the ship had to be moved backwards. Two tugs, one at each end of the cruise ship, slowly towed the vessel with little fuss and great precision and the voyage was safely made. Why not? The demanding routine was familiar since the *Silhouette* was the fourth of its class to be built at the German yard.

Small events can cause major problems. The elderly (1952) cruise ship *Philippines* (ex-*Augustus*) had a fire in its stack while moored at Manila. The blaze was quickly quelled and an investigation revealed that the fire originated in the DC generator in the stack and was caused by someone closing ventilation flaps. That allowed heat to build up inside the funnel until ignition was reached.

Those cruise ships that can't fit under the Sydney Harbour Bridge have been using the one cruise ship berth at the Circular Quay but it really isn't a cruise ship terminal. Australian authorities are considering use of the nearby navy base at Garden Island even though it is busy with navy activities.

Those That Go Back and Forth

Patronage of a new East River ferry service in New York City that linked Manhattan, Queens and Brooklyn (three of the City's five boroughs) was pleasingly high because it was free. Then a ticket started costing \$4 and patronage dropped to one half. Officials, however, were pleased with that number. It was higher than they had expected.

The Alaskan ferry *Malaspina* has a bow lookout on duty at all times. The ferry was near the eastern shore of Taiya Island and approaching Skagway when the bow lookout, in what was probably the quietest spot on the vessel, heard a faint call for help. All hands, including the 45 passengers, started searching the shore, a searchlight finally illuminated an injured man and he was taken onboard. He was bleeding from multiple gashes, had two large swollen areas on his body and was semi conscious and dry heaving. He also had no memory of what had happened (he probably had been hiking and had fallen down a cliff into the water and managed to pull himself ashore). When spotted, he was preparing to re-enter the water and swim towards the *Malaspina*.

High winds and heavy seas capsized a ferry in a bay west of Haiti's capital and seven people went missing. The boat was transporting charcoal, bananas and other goods to Archaie, a coastal town 30 miles northwest of Port au Prince.

In Bangladesh, the *Madinar Alo* capsized in the Sitalakhya River and at least a dozen of over 100 passengers died.

In Indonesia 10 people, including 2 children, died when their canoe sank in the Bengawan River in East Java. They were simply trying to get to their village on the other bank.

At Charlotte Amalie, in the US Virgin Islands, the 89' fast catamaran ferry *Royal Miss Belmar* ran up high and dry on a rocky point. That crash injured 5, including a baby, of the 102 people aboard.

Those that carried fireworks onto a Washington State ferry around the date of the Fourth of July may have noted that explosives sniffing dogs were active at the ferry terminal. They also learned that carrying legal fireworks onto the ferry was OK.

Legal Matters

The Chinese master of the bulker *Full City* is lucky and one might say he beat the

current trend of criminalizing mariners for accidents. A Norwegian appeals court overturned a lower court decision that he must serve mandatory jail time and instead substituted a suspended sentence. The second mate, also sentenced to jail, was acquitted by the appeals court. (The *Full City* ran aground off Telemark during a summer storm and the grounding released oil that became the worst oil spill in Norwegian history.)

A Macedonian court jailed two men for a year because of a boating accident on Lake Ohrid in 2009 in which 15 Bulgarian tourists died. Their offenses were allowing over-crowding and issuing false safety certificates.

Nature

Researchers searching for the Pacific Ocean's proverbial Great Garbage Patch of floating plastic, a patch reported as being twice the size of Texas and somewhere between California and Japan, found it hard to find and far less dense than reported. Scientists often could not see much plastic from the deck of their research vessel. "The amount of plastic out there isn't trivial but the patch is a small fraction of the state of Texas, not twice the size," reported one scientist. And the patch is not growing exponentially, as was earlier reported.

In New Zealand, a young humpback whale swam into a Tory Channel mussel-farming operation and became so entangled that it became exhausted. The mussel-farmers moved a barge alongside the whale and it was utterly passive during the 45 minutes it took to cut the whale free with the help of a crane on the barge.

A massive underwater landslide 200 miles off Cornwall caused a minor but measurable tsunami along the UK's south coast. Wave heights were measured as being between 0.5 and 0.8 metres.

The North Atlantic island of Rockall is exceedingly unattractive to most people, being 82' wide, 101' long, 68' high, 187 miles from the nearest land and the highest waves in the world (95') were measured nearby. Nevertheless, a Yorkshireman plans to spend a night on the island to replace a brass plaque left there in 1955 and re-establish Britain's ownership of the island. (There is a four-way dispute between the UK, Ireland, Iceland, and the Faroe Islands over ownership.) By the way, his name is Strangeway.

Metal-Bashing

The 1960-built tanker *Wenjiang* was launched as the *British Curlew* for BP Tanker Co. It was shelled and abandoned in 1980 during the Iran/Iraq war while at Basrah. Apparently it stayed afloat and managed to end up Bandar Abbas in Iran. Someone decided that nobody really owned the tanker, took over ownership, a tug appeared and the tow headed for Pakistan and scrapping. The real owners are unhappy.

China's largest shipyard will expand into green recycling by erecting the world's largest dismantling facility. It should be capable of dismantling about 75 ships a year that range in size from about 50,000 dwt to a VLCC-like 300,000 dwt.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Due to the monsoon season, Somali pirates left open waters and concentrated their activities in the southern Red Sea and off the coast of Oman. Somali fishermen reminded everyone that they too carry

AK-47s but just for self defense against the real pirates. (If a fishing skiff's equipment includes a boarding ladder and several RPGs, it's probably a pirate vessel.) And Somali pirates did something unusual, they rescued 19 crewmembers from the cargo vessel *Orna* after it caught fire. No word whether they were held for ransom.

Odd Bits

Last summer, Canadian government researchers discovered the Arctic exploration ship *HMS Investigator*, which sank in 1854 off Banks Island. This summer, the same people hope to find *HMS Terror* and *HMS Erebus*, the ships of Sir John Franklin's abortive 1854 expedition to discover the Northwest Passage. The vessels are Canada's only national historic sites with no known location. Noted one searcher, even if they are not found, "next time the team will know where not to look."

A major problem for shipping companies and port operators is that shippers too often mislabel the weight or contents of containers and that practice has resulted in a number of accidents. (When the *MSC Napoli* was grounded, it was found that the declared weights for 137 of the 600 shipping containers on its deck differed from actual weights by more than 3 tonnes.) The major shipping companies are organizing a Cargo Incident Notifications Network called Cinsnet (perhaps it would be better labeled as Sinsnet?) to help identify both potentially dangerous containers and industry-wide trends.

The following may tell readers something about the so-called "warrior complex." The Navy SEALS who killed Osama bin Laden referred to him as "Geronimo" while those insiders at the Pentagon and the CIA preferred "Cakebread."

Coal from Indonesia has been catching fire while being carried to China so one insurance company issued a simple checklist. Coals are ranked from anthracite, bituminous and sub-bituminous down to lignite (aka brown coal). Indonesia mostly exports the lower ranked coals, which tend to self-ignite. Shipments often have a high moisture content, which is a no-no.

Upon hearing an electronic emergency signal one night, British coastguard authorities launched a lifeboat and searched for 3 hours some 4 miles off the Welsh coast before it was realized that the signal had been transmitted by a standard electronic device in a BMW parked on the ferry *European Endeavour* inbound from Dublin. This Emergency Telematics anti-theft, send-help device is fitted to many new BMW and Volvo vehicles.

Per international agreement, the longer a vessel, the lower must be the pitch of its horn. If longer than 200 metres, its horn must issue a sound between 70 and 200 Hz. For lengths between 75 and 200 metres, the sound should be between 130 and 350 Hz, and between 20 and 75 meters, the pitch must be an almost squeaky 250 to 700 Hz. (To establish a baseline here, A above middle C is normally 440 Hz but is sometimes set at 432 Hz for a "warmer" orchestral tone.)

Head-Shakers

Since many persons refuse to believe the US government's announcement that Osama Bin Laden is dead, an undersea explorer and treasure hunter will search for the body and, if successful, he announced he would obtain DNA and other evidence.



There is a lot of chaos and some tense moments at a launching, but for this one Harold was very calm.



Perry Ardelle Burnham brings it home with a great smash, then splash!



The *Ardelle* poised on the ways July 9.

Ardelle launches in the Essex side launch style without a hitch.



Boatbuilding with Burnham

The ongoing saga of the building of the pinky schooner *Ardelle* in Essex, Massachusetts

Reprinted from Harold Burnham's Blog
Created by Laurie Fullerton

The launch of the schooner *Ardelle* on July 9 was the talk of Essex, as well as on YouTube. Anyone who googles "Launch of the Schooner *Ardelle*" will find all kinds of postings. One can see the launch from all different angles. People have been stopping by all the following week with their slideshows and YouTube favorites.

The launching has been featured in the *Gloucester Times* with a great front page shot of Steve Willard with the American flag and the *Ardelle*, and Zach waving from the bow of the *Ardelle* after the launch. The launching was also featured on the front page of the *Cape Ann Beacon* and *North Shore Sunday* with Jackson and Justin watching it slide down the ways. Perry, Harold and Chuck were on the front page of the *North Shore Sunday*.

The minister of the Lutheran Church in Gloucester wrote a sermon about the launch. The school children of Essex were all here, screaming with excitement as they watched the boat launch. Once it launched, all the boys in town jumped into the water from the short bridge in the river basin.

A friend said to me, "this is the most New England thing I have ever seen!" It was a bit of a Norman Rockwell day, there was something very American, very New England about this day. We all wish we could hold onto it and keep it forever but already the day is becoming something that happened weeks ago and too soon it will be last year. We just would all like to see more schooners come down the ways here just as they had done for nearly 400 years!

Just have to say, "You Go, Harold!"



Such a graceful launching!



Charter *Ardelle*

Schooner *Ardelle* will be located and available for charter at the Gloucester, Massachusetts Maritime Heritage Center at Harbor Loop. We offer daily, two-hour charters, private parties and events. Educational opportunities for school groups may still be available through the Maritime Heritage Center. The *Ardelle* is a 55' clipper pinky schooner which were common vessels along the shores of Cape Ann. Call or email us. We are booking charters now. Capt Harold Burnham: (978) 768-2569 or (978) 290-7168; email: haburnham@gmail.com



Photographer Dan Tobyne arrived early on launch day, the only day that the staging is gone, a great photo op!



Great panoramic view of this quintessential Essex scene.

The crowd swelled to 2,000 around the basin



In the 19th century, when the Essex, Massachusetts, yards were at the height of their production, there were only three basic ingredients to a launching: grease, gravity and momentum. Grease was the slippery stuff the vessels moved on, gravity was the motivator and momentum was the safety net that kept them from fetching up in their journey to the water.

Back then there were too many vessels being built to give each one a lot of launching hoopla. Builders just used the simplest method they could to get the finished boat out of the way of the one they were about to start. The most popular method in Essex was called a side launch. Side launches were carried out by just leaning the vessels over onto a single way and skating them into the water on their own keel and one bilge.

Of course, in today's world the idea of sending a hundred tons of oak sliding on one side over smoking grease sounds dangerous, but that is only because we don't do it much anymore. Just imagine the looks you would get from a 19th century ship builder if you tried to explain to him what it is like to pass a car on an undivided highway. The truth is that, of the approximately 3,300 vessels launched in Essex, we know of none that was seriously damaged in a launching accident. Further, there is no record of anyone being seriously hurt or killed at one of our launchings either.

The way a side launch is executed is as follows: First, the vessel is leaned over so that her bilge rests on a short plank and wedges which will ride on the one bilgeway down into the water. Then a number of greased slabs (the barked edges of logs that are discarded when squaring off timber) are wedged up under the vessel's keel in the spaces between the blocking she was built on.

Finally, as the tide rises, starting aft, the vessel's blocking is split out from under her keel. When enough of her weight rests on the greased slabs, the gravity pulling her down overcomes the friction holding her back. It is hard to guess which block will start her. Sometimes it takes a little jacking and jerking to get the vessel going, but once she starts things get really interesting.

The bilge way is generally built at a somewhat steeper angle than the grade of the keel's path so that as the vessel slides aft she also leans over onto her side. There is a reason for doing this. The general theory is that as the vessel enters the water the buoyancy of her quarters will tend to lift her and carry her through the shallow water near the riverbank.

If she were upright on a cradle, on the other hand, she would tend to stick her keel into the mud. Once she is overboard, an added advantage of the side launch over the cradle launch is that there is very little trash to fish out of the water.

Exactly who developed this method of launching is lost to history, but it is almost unquestionable that the draft restrictions of the Essex River spawned its use. Likewise, it was probably the horrendous angle of the vessels as they entered the water that limited the adoption of the side launching technique despite the fact that it was far easier and less expensive than a cradle launch.

As launchings became more and more infrequent, they went from being regular occurrences to exciting events. People came from miles around to watch. It is amazing how some people find mystery in the most basic of arts, and I am sure that many builders

About This Side Launching

By Harold Burnham



were entertained by the aura of uncertainty they created.

I have heard educated people who witnessed the old launchings comment, "You never knew what was going to happen." My five-year-old son can tell you what will happen if you put enough grease and paraffin under a heavy object on a hill, and that is exactly what I planned to do with the *Thomas E. Lannon*.

When my friend Tom Ellis asked in August, 1996, if I could design and build him a 65' schooner for the next charter season (see *WB* No. 143), I didn't really answer him. I simply told him that it used to take an experienced builder only four months to build one. I then went on to say that I figured by learning and using the old methods of doing things, I would probably be able to build his schooner as quickly as it could be built. Luckily, Tom only hears what he wants to. After I said "four months to build one," he missed the rest of the conversation and hired me without a second thought.

Throughout most of the *Lannon*'s construction, I was terrified. I had so much on my shoulders and so little firsthand experience to rest it on. My father's advice was that, although knowledge based on one's own experience can only be linear, knowledge based on others' is exponential.

So much of what I fell back on to build the *Lannon* was the experience of the Essex builders that came before me. As most of them were dead, this was a challenging aspect of the job. Thanks to a number of photographers, historians and shipwrights, I am able to give as much credit for the *Lannon*'s remarkable construction and good looks to the old Essex techniques as I do to my own ingenuity.

Of all the Essex ship building methods I learned, none intrigued me more than the side launch. Throughout the winter, when I was working out the details of the *Lannon*'s construction, I would occasionally take breaks to study the launchings and dream of the day when I would get a crack at it. Unfortunately, as the day approached, Tom Ellis admitted he was having some dreams of a different nature about the "Burnham launching technique."

Several years before, Tom had the unfortunate experience of being the star witness to an almost unbelievable incident at a local boatyard. As he described it, he was paddling by in his kayak when the yard was getting ready to launch a powerboat they had

just rebuilt. Tom looked up to see the vessel skid off its cradle and fall with a bang onto greased groundways. Luckily, the groundways held and the boat continued its descent without the cradle. Sure enough, the boat's momentum carried it miraculously unharmed through a seawall and into the water.

In spite of the old phrase "all's well that ends well," no amount of explaining to Tom how a side launch works and the fact there would be no cradle at the *Lannon*'s launching could do anything to calm his nerves. What made matters worse was showing him pictures of some beautifully executed side launches, as this only intensified his nightmares.

What eventually happened was that between Tom's nightmares, some commitments I had made to my family and an unfavorable tide, I begrudgingly consented to let my rite of passage fall into the hands of a local genius who I knew, by reputation alone, was deserving of the honor. Ironically, this man Tom chose in order to avoid the "Burnham launch" was none other than the legendary Francis Burnham.

Francis gave Tom exactly what he asked for. Tom said he did not want the vessel traditionally launched, but simply lowered in a very controlled manner. Lowering seems to be about the most apt way to describe the anticlimactic way in which Francis brought an end to a most remarkable construction.

As I mentioned earlier, the old Essex launchings had only three basic elements: grease, gravity and momentum. However, by their very nature there is a fourth element, complete lack of control. From the moment the vessel starts until her drag brings her to a stop, there isn't anything anyone can do but wait and watch. If her builder has laid a proper path, she will follow it, otherwise her momentum will probably carry her. And if it doesn't, she can always be jacked up to wait for the next tide.

What was funniest about the *Lannon*'s lowering was that although Francis never let the *Lannon* out of his control, no one ever had any control over Francis. On the appointed day of the launch, Francis showed up, lowered the boat a few inches and left, leaving 4,000 people wondering what he would do next. It was both horrible and hysterical and I could do nothing but laugh over the fact that Tom had hired the only person in the world who could drive him crazier than I could.

Over a week's time, Francis and his crew accomplished in a most controlled manner (using steel, hydraulic jacks, welders, a crane, a bulldozer and a barge) what generations of ship builders had done thousands of times in just hours using nothing more than some grease and a few wedges. As if to add insult to injury, because of the great delays in the lowering, I missed the opportunity to watch the tide lift the *Lannon* clear of the bottom.

I would be a liar if I said I wasn't disheartened by the whole scenario. On the other hand, I would have been a fool not to realize that the great opportunities the *Lannon* provided far outweighed the minor incidents surrounding its launching. I know that with the *Lannon*'s success I would get another chance at launching, and within months of her completion I had a contract for another vessel.

This contract became the Chebacco boat *Lewis H. Story*, which I designed and built for the Essex Shipbuilding Museum. Although the *Story* is much smaller than the *Lannon*, she is of similar construction (being built with sawn frames and trunnel fasten-

ings) and she has an equally interesting Essex lineage. Once again, I hired my friend Erik Ronnberg, Jr, to help me with the research, and once again my friend Lew Joslyn documented the project with photographs.

Outside of Erik, I used only volunteer help. Some of these individuals were among the best people I ever worked with. Their enthusiasm was great fuel for my ambition, and in the process of having a good time we built ourselves a pretty nice boat.

We laid the keel on the first of February and got her framed, planked and caulked by mid-May. In spite of the fits and starts of the funding, and with the help of friends and family, on September 25, 1998, the *Lewis H. Story*'s newly painted hull was ready for launching.

All was ready to go. We had finished setting up the bilge rail and the slabs just moments before. Margaret Story had done a fine job of christening. The crowd was relatively small compared to the thousands who gathered to watch the *Lannon* 13 months earlier. However, no one had any doubts that something would happen this day.

Thinking back, it is almost as if I am there. Whack! I was splitting the forward-most block out from under her and all of her weight was about to fall on the grease. Whack! A thousand second-thoughts were

racing through my mind, but as it was time for action I tried not to listen. Whack! The block came out and there she sat.

You could have heard a pin drop and all eyes were on me. I put my hands on her stem to give her a shove (as if my meager 170 pounds could make a difference) and as I touched her she started. Before I could put my weight into it she was off moving faster and faster and faster. With a splash, her stern dipped and her bow lifted and she was afloat. Then SNAP! The drag took up just as I had planned it, and a 12"x16"x8' oak timber followed her down end over end, stopping her just alongside our float on the opposite bank.

Even though the *Story* was a comparatively small boat, it was a pretty cool sight and without question the highlight of my career. The crowd went wild, and I must admit I felt like a baseball player who had just driven in a three run homer in the top of the ninth to clinch the World Series. I felt lucky beyond imagination!

Further, I was really grateful to everyone who helped put me where I was. Not the least of these folks was Tom Ellis. He was the coach who put his career and his whole life on the line to drag me up out of the minor leagues. What's more, he knew better than I did that I would not disappoint him.

In spite of this, I had to laugh at some people's comments: "What the hell was Tom Ellis thinking?" "Why didn't you launch the *Lannon* that way?" These questions echoed for days and although I never asked Tom, he gave the answer the next time I saw him out on the *Lannon*: "I don't know what I was thinking of, Harold. You couldn't hurt this boat even if you tried."

Tom summed up the underlying secret behind all of our launchings. Our vessels are built to take the worst that God and the North Atlantic can throw at them. If we could destroy one by sliding it down a mud bank, you wouldn't want to go to sea in it.

I would like to give the Story family my sincere thanks for being mentors and friends. I admire and respect all of the older vessels that were built by A.D. Story, who employed a number of my ancestors in their construction. And much of the technical and historical information that helped me in my work was provided by A.D. Story's son Dana. Dana had always been a great source of both inspiration and information in most of my ship building endeavors. I would also like to thank Brad Story, Dana's son, who showed me that by quietly going to work each day I could make a living building wooden boats in spite of what the world was telling me.



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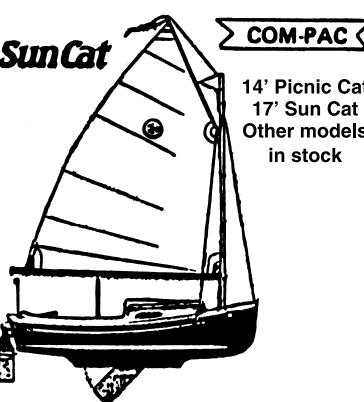
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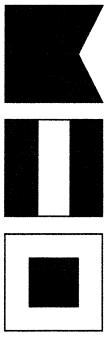
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The APPRENTICE

A Monthly Newsletter of the Apprenticeshop

Apprenticeshop News

Lance Lee is Still with Us



Amidst the endless sanding and varnishing that accompanies our annual Spring launch, our staff was also readying to attend the *WoodenBoat* Show at Mystic, Connecticut. The show was of particular significance to us this year as *WoodenBoat* had chosen for this year's guest of honor someone who had been influential in the revival and preservation of wooden boat building, our Apprentice Shop founder, Lance Lee.

Lance has been a force in the traditional wooden boat world for over 40 years, having started not only The Apprenticeshop but also the Atlantic Challenge Foundation, the Tremelino Project and Apprenticeshops around the world. Now retired, Lance lives close by the Shop and works feverishly on projects both large and small, and sails with apprentices both old and new.

At the *WoodenBoat* Show I had the opportunity to talk to a lot of folks who knew the Shop before I did; alumni from the Bath and Rockport years, past board members and early supporters. A lot of them had the same question for me, "Isn't the Shop different now that Lance is not there?"

The simple answer is "yes, of course it's different." But the longer answer is that while Lance might no longer be running the shop, his founding ideas and principles are still in the forefront of everything that we do. In fact, after I talked with those same people at the show most were surprised to learn how many things have stayed the same. Indeed, the Shop had evolved over the last 40 years, yet its spirit, its original core values of craftsmanship and community remain solid. Apprentices of today and tomorrow will continue to be inspired by the work of Lance Lee.

Eric Stockinger, Executive Director

From the Shop Floor

At the June 17 graduation and launch we wished farewell to three graduating apprentices; Kelly O'Sullivan, Thor Hubbell and Justin McAnaney. Kelly was bound for Halifax, Nova Scotia, Thor was heading for Ellsworth,

Interns Sarah Whittam and Noah Singhg each launched their own Susan skiffs.



Maine, employment with Morris Yachts and Justin continues to live in Union, Maine, working with David Jones Yachtbroker.

The weather could not have been more cooperative for launching six student-built boats. With just the right amount of wind, student and friends spent the afternoon rowing and sailing the Buzzards Bay sloop, the Apprentice 15, the Skylark sailboat, the A&R tender and the Susan skiffs. Special thanks go to our friends at Prock Marine for sponsoring the event.



Apprentice 15 under sail.

On June 27 we welcomed four new apprentices; Josef Eggert from Huntington Beach, California, who is taking time off from the merchant marine; Simon Jack of Frankenmuth, Michigan, who leaves a background in farming and horse raising to explore his interest in the maritime trades; Tim Jacobus from Bakersville, North Carolina, a US Navy veteran; and Josh Robinson from Middletown, Connecticut, who leaves behind work with computers as he picks up the tools of the boat building trade.

Graham Walsh, Shop Manager

New apprentices Josh Robinson, Tim Jacobus, Josef Eggert and Simon Jack



This is our Heritage.
It is our Coastal Environment.

If we experience it,
We will care about it.

If we care about it,
We will protect it.

Protecting the Piscataqua Maritime Region through A CAMPAIGN for Education and Action

A New Gundalow

From the Gundalow Co
Portsmouth, New Hampshire

For the past 30 years, the replica gundalow *Captain Edward H. Adams* has been a classroom for thousands of students and adults who have stepped aboard to learn about our New Hampshire Great Bay maritime heritage. The *Adams* will always be limited to dockside programs for it was built as a museum exhibit and does not meet the US Coast Guard safety rules for carrying passengers.

Our new gundalow, now abuilding at the Puddle Dock at Strawberry Banke Museum in Portsmouth, will be certified to carry up to 49 passengers on a multi-disciplinary educational river voyage. While sailing this historic and regionally significant vessel on the tidal rivers of the Great Bay Estuary, students of all ages will engage in a full schedule of activities, combining marine ecology, history, math, literature, music and stewardship, to celebrate our rivers and protect the future of the Piscataqua River watershed.

Come visit our Puddle Dock Shipyard this year at Strawberry Banke Museum in Portsmouth, open daily from 10am-5pm. You'll see master shipwright Paul Rollins and his crew turning massive pieces of white oak, white pine, locust and hackmatack into the new gundalow that will carry our important message to appreciate our rivers and understand the need for protection.



Starting in 2012, you will be able to join us from May through October for daysails, river festival excursions, school and youth program sails, teacher workshops, corporate charters and private rentals.

For centuries, gundalows connected upriver towns to Portsmouth, the region's seaport and primary market town. Harnessing the wind and riding the tide, gundalows moved bricks, hay, firewood and goods crucial to the economy and everyday life. By

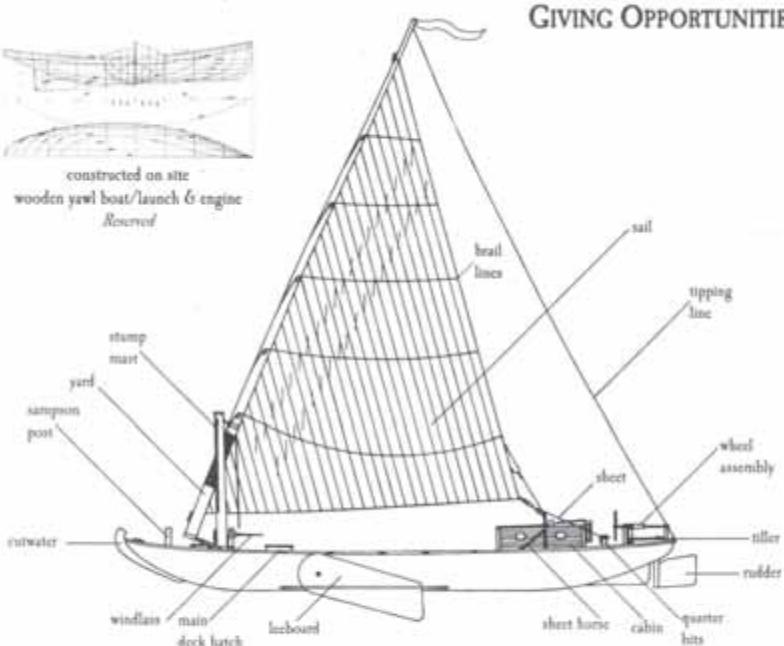
linking our region's past with the need to protect it for the future, the Gundalow Company is uniquely positioned to inspire individuals to take responsibility and become better stewards of our maritime region.

A trip aboard our new gundalow will give you a chance to discover your connections to the Piscataqua Region, to savor its rich maritime heritage and to contemplate what is required to sustain it. Revenue generated from the sailing gundalow will support dynamic new programs and increase river access for residents, tourists, and students of all ages.

Please visit our website for details and to make an online contribution to our campaign: www.gundalow.org. We are more than two-thirds of the way towards reaching our goal of \$1.2 million needed to complete this historically accurate gundalow certified by the US Coast Guard. Your gift right now will enable us to finish building the gundalow in time to launch and implement our exciting new programs in Spring 2012. Gifts of all sizes are welcome and naming opportunities start at \$1,000 for a plank.



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Strictly speaking, a sailboat is a craft propelled by any sort or number of sails. Usually, however, the term sailboat is restricted to an open pleasure boat carrying a single sail and rigged after the fashion called, for some inscrutable reason, the cat rig. When a pleasure boat is large enough to have a cabin, or carries a jib and mainsail, she is usually honored with the name of yacht and is thus promoted above the rank of sailboat.

The catboat is the typical sailboat of American waters for the cat rig is scarcely known in Europe. In length it ranges all the way from 12' to 40', but the vast majority of catboats are over fifteen and under 25' long. The 15' swarms all over our harbors, rivers and small lakes and annually drowns a frightful aggregate of men, women and boys. Fortunately we have neither tigers nor deadly snakes along the banks of the Hudson, the Sound or the New Jersey and Long Island bays, but the ravages of the New York, New Jersey and Connecticut catboats make quite a respectable appearance even in comparison with the terrible statistics of snake bites and tiger dinners in India.

The best variety of catboat is a shallow, saucer-like boat, drawing not more than a foot or 18" of water when the centerboard is up, and decked over for about a third or a half of the distance from bow to stern. The single mast is stepped close to the stem and the sail is stretched by means of a long boom and a shorter gaff. It can be easily handled by one person and its management can be readily learned.

In the estimation of persons familiar with boating who do not desire to die early, the catboat has three serious faults; a liability to capsize, to be swamped and to sink when a sufficiently large hole is made in her. The last fault she possesses in common with all other civilized vessels, but to the first two she is peculiarly prone.

When a catboat is sailing with the wind abeam or forward of the beam and is managed by a competent and careful man, she is as safe as any other small sailing vessel. Such a man will see the approach of a fresh gust of wind before it reaches him and will be prepared to meet it. He will have his peak halyards led aft to a cleat within his reach as he stands at the helm, and he will then be able to instantly slack away the peak if the gust is a violent one. If this is not necessary, he will luff the boat just before the gust strikes the sail and thus, by causing the sail to present a smaller angle to the wind, will diminish the effect of the latter upon the boat. In no circumstances will he commit the error of letting go the sheet. This is the favorite manoeuvre of the man who sails a catboat by the light of nature. He thereby incurs the risk that the end of the boom will be driven under the water, and will act as a lever to force the boat's head off from the wind, and so enable a capsize to be easily and surely achieved. The cardinal principle of catboat sailing in to "luff her up" when it breezes but it is constantly ignored by hundreds of men who regard themselves as fully competent to manage a boat.

It follows that safety from capsizing in a catboat sailing on the wind may be assured by care and intelligence. The difficulty is that not one in a hundred of those who undertake to manage catboats possesses both those qualities. Often the man who knows precisely what he ought to do neglects to do it. He lets a squall creep down upon him unseen while he is talking with a fair passenger and jams his helm down when it is too late. He

The Flying Proa

Reprinted from

Contributed by Dick Winslow

Reprinted from Harper's New Monthly Magazine, August 1877

neglects to have his peak halyards within his reach, or coiled down so that the line will run smoothly through the blocks. Thus, when the moment comes to let go the peak either he cannot reach the halyards without letting go the helm or the tangled line refuses to do its duty. Carelessness probably leads to as many capsizes as incompetence and even the thoroughly accomplished and experienced sailor is often too self-confident to be careful.

When running before the wind, the utmost care will sometimes be unavailing to prevent an open catboat from swamping as she wallows in a heavy sea. The chief danger, however, to which a sailboat with a free wind is exposed is that of unexpected jibing. Either the wind suddenly veers a little or the helmsman steers wildly and the wind takes the sail aback. Instantly the boom flies to the other side of the boat and is brought up by the sheet with a shock that either parts the line, breaks the boom or capsizes the boat. Ordinarily jibing can be prevented by careful management but occasionally a sudden shifting of the wind will lead to an equally sudden jibing in spite of the most careful helmsman.

There is one source of danger to which a catboat when running dead before a fresh breeze must necessarily be exposed. It is that of rolling the end of the boom under. A sloop, if the necessity occurs, can scud under her jib alone; but the catboat, having but one sail, must keep that set in all circumstances in which a sail is needed. Now when the boom is at right angles to the line of the keel, as it is when the wind is directly astern, the rolling of the boat is very apt to dip the boom into the water. When it is dipped to a certain depth, a capsize becomes inevitable. No seamanship can do away with this danger. It springs from the inherent viciousness of the cat rig, and no care or foresight can provide against it. Occasionally the boom, instead of rolling under, kicks up, as the phrase runs, and is wrapped close to the mast by the sail.

The boatman, if he is a sailor, can usually extricate himself from a difficulty of this kind by one or another expedient; but if he is merely an awkward amateur, as is usually the case, he abandons himself to despair, and gloomily wonders where his body will be found, and whether it will be swollen to an unrecognizable extent.

In addition to these methods of drowning its passengers, the catboat, like all other vessels provided with low-swinging booms, contrives to annually knock a large quantity of people overboard. Not very long ago the Rev Mr S, residing near a bay on the Connecticut coast eligible for sailing purposes, rashly took his own and a few assorted children belonging to his parishioners out sailing in his newly purchased catboat. A pleasant breeze, scarcely strong enough to be called "fresh," was blowing and the good clergyman, confident that there was no possible danger, went on explaining the probable rig of the Ark, until the boat suddenly jibed. The boom and the sheet were both new, and the wind was not strong enough to carry anything away or to capsize the boat. The children's heads happened, however, to

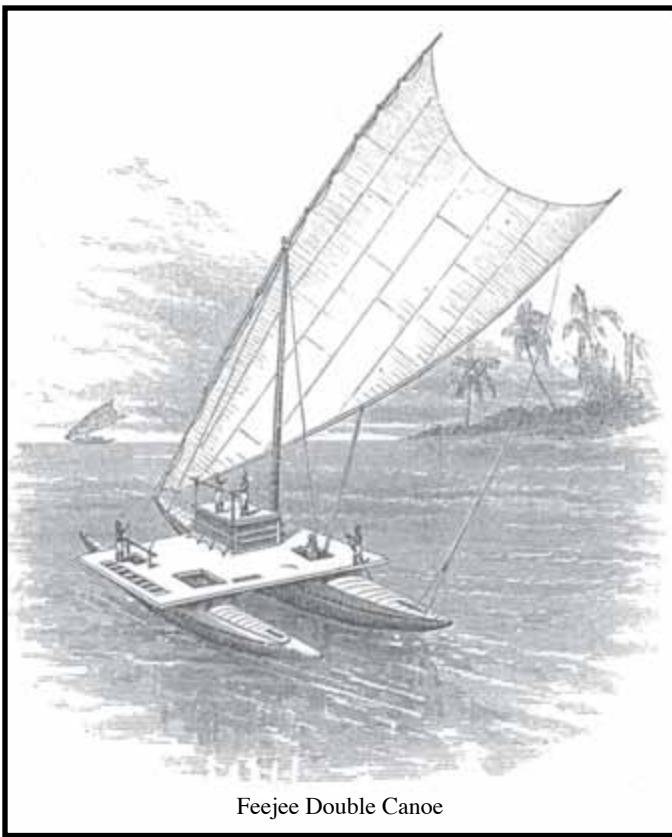
be in the path of the swinging boom and it reaped the astonished small boys at a breath, and the girls who sat between, like a blunt but determined sickle.

Most of them were successfully picked up but two small boys were missing when the boat reached the land, and their parents, who seemed to attach a good deal of value to them, never quite overlooked the clergyman's conduct, and at the next donation party expressed their feelings in dried beans in a painfully unmistakable way. Usually persons who are knocked overboard by a boom, and know how to swim, are picked up again in a damp but living condition. When, however, the boom hits a skull hard enough to fracture it, the victim rarely takes sufficient interest in worldly affairs to try to keep himself afloat.

The catboat is, then, always dangerous: when in careless or incompetent hands, and sometimes unavoidably dangerous when managed by the best of sailors. It is, however, the best and safest sailboat which civilized boat builders have produced and we cannot expect any thing safer from them. If a boat builder is asked to construct a boat which shall be not only fast, but absolutely safe in all contingencies, which can neither capsize, swamp, nor sink, no matter if she strikes on the sharpest rocks in Hell Gate, he will frankly confess that he cannot do it. Nevertheless, such a boat can be built, and with it two cool-headed girls can outsail the *Sappho* or the *Columbia* without risking any danger more serious than that of an occasional sprinkling of spray.

The hollow log and the solid log are the germs from which two widely distinct types of vessels have been developed, those in which, and those on which, the crew is carried. We have developed the hollow log through all the various stages that separate the canoe and the Cunarder, but have abandoned the solid log after having converted it into the cumbersome lumber raft. The South Sea Islanders, on the other hand, have developed the solid log idea until the result is seen in their double war canoes, vessels that, although wonderfully swift and safe, are virtually nothing more than two parallel logs joined together with a platform, on which a mast is planted. The Feejee double canoe is not, however, the consummate flower of barbarian boatbuilding genius. It has been surpassed by the flying proa of the Ladrone Islands, a craft that combines to some extent both the hollow and the solid log ideas, and which merits a brief description here.

The hull of the flying proa exhibits on one side the graceful lines of a well-modeled boat, but on the other side it is perfectly flat. Were an ordinary sailboat to be cut in two along the keel, and each half to be boarded up perpendicularly, either would present a rude idea of the model of the proa. Each end of the proa is precisely alike, and as the mast is placed exactly in the middle, the craft will sail equally well with either end first. Across the deck run stout bamboo poles, which project beyond the rounded side of the proa, and are fastened at their extremities to a log of wood placed parallel with the boat, and fashioned so as to offer the slightest practicable resistance to the water. The weight of this log or outrigger acts as a counterpoise to the force of the wind, since, by the peculiar manner in which the proa is sailed, the log is always on the windward side. Thus, although the proa is excessively long and narrow, it can never capsize, the outrigger answering the same



Feejee Double Canoe

purpose in this respect which the Feejeean accomplishes by using a double canoe.

The mast, although placed exactly half-way between the ends of the boat, stands in the bilge close to the gunwale, where it is fastened to the middle beam of the outrigger. The sail is a lateen, triangular in shape, but much wider at the foot and less lofty in proportion than are most lateen sails. It does not seem large in comparison with the length of the proa, but in view of the extreme narrowness of the hull and its want of stability apart from the outrigger, it is really an enormous sail. The fore end of the yard fits into a socket at the end of the boat, and the foot of the sail is laced to a boom. It is thus capable of being trimmed as flat as a board, and as it is reefed by simply rolling the boom until the desired amount of sail is wrapped around it, the shape of the sail always remains the same.

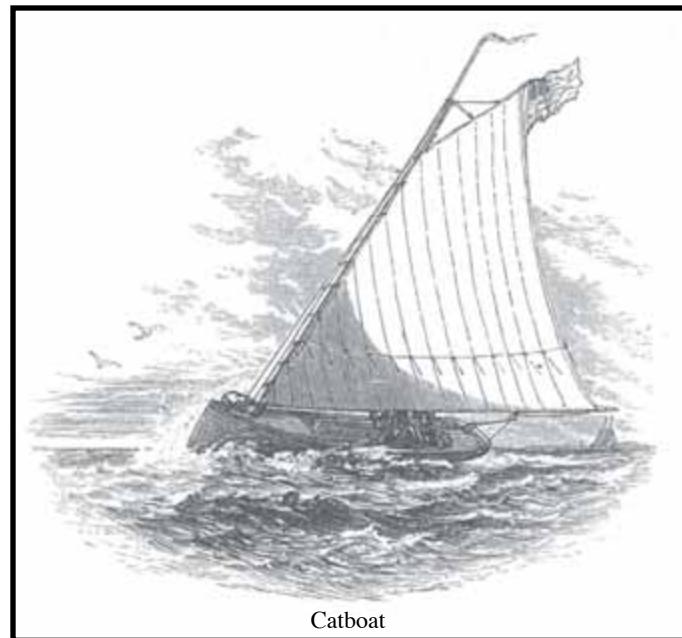
In the accompanying cuts, Fig 1 represents the proa with her sail set, as she appears when viewed from the leeward. Fig 2 is a view of the proa as she would appear to a person directly in her path. Fig 3 is a plan of the whole craft, A, B, being the lee, side of the proa; C, D, the windward side; E, F, G, H, the frame of bamboo poles connecting the hull with the outrigger; K, L, the boat-shaped outrigger; M, N, braces to steady the frame; R, S, a thin plank placed to windward to prevent the proa from shipping water, and for a seat for the man who bails out the water; T, the position of the mast. The mast itself is supported (Fig 2): by the shore P, and the shroud Q, and by two stays running from the mast-head to the stem and stern respectively.

As has been said, the proa is sailed with either end first, but the outrigger is always kept on the windward side. The flat side, of the hull being thus always the lee side, sets as a keel or centreboard, but with more effect than either. In fact, the proa is said to make scarcely any perceptible leeway. When beating against a headwind the

proa never tacks. She is merely kept away until her stern approaches the wind, when the yard is swung around and what was the stern suddenly becomes the bow. It is credibly asserted that this product of barbarian genius often attains a speed of 20 miles, and it is certain that not only is the proa the fastest sailing boat in existence, but it will sail nearer the wind than any vessel known to European or American sailors.

Here we have a craft which has two of the qualities of the ideal perfect sailboat. great speed, and absolute safety against capsizing. Still, a flying proa may be swamped, and is capable of sinking. It needs only to have these faults removed to meet the most exacting demand. This is not a difficult problem; and, indeed, safety against swamping and sinking, as well as capsizing, has been secured by the invention of the Nonpareil life raft, though at the sacrifice of speed and of the comfort of the crew. The latter awkward looking craft, which crossed the Atlantic in 43 days with a crew of three men, consists of three parallel tubes filled with air and strongly connected by a platform. Of course it could neither capsize nor sink, but it was a raft rather than a boat, and certainly could not be classed as a pleasure craft.

Suppose we take two tubes of galvanized iron, flat on one side like the hull of the flying proa, and nicely modeled on the other. If these tubes are placed with their flat sides toward each other and connected with a platform, we should secure all the advantages which the Ladrone Islander obtains by his device of a flat-sided hull and an outrigger, while we should also avoid the faults of the flying proa. The tubes, if divided by watertight bulkheads into four sections each, would retain their buoyancy even if half of each were crushed in by sunken rocks. The flat side of the windward boat would always act as a centreboard, and the craft could tack like a civilized boat, instead of having to

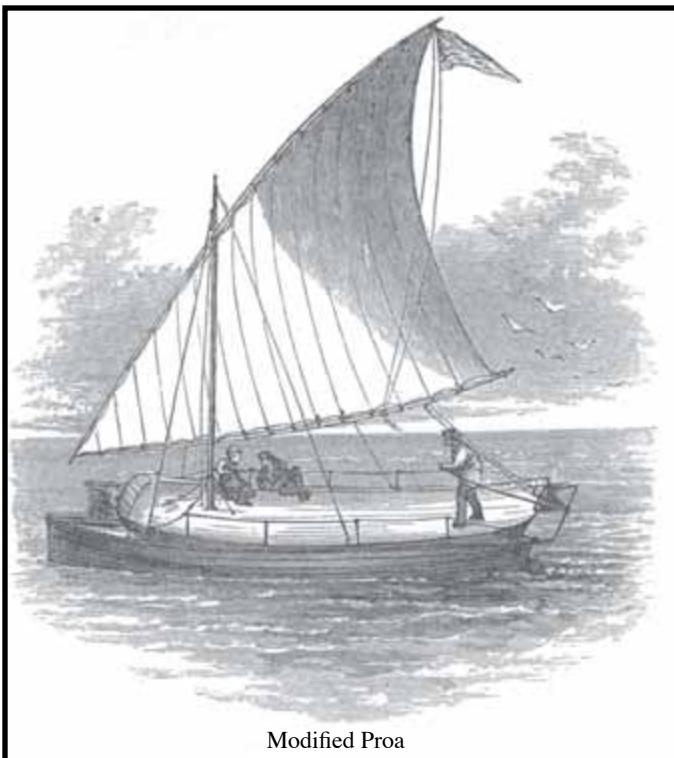
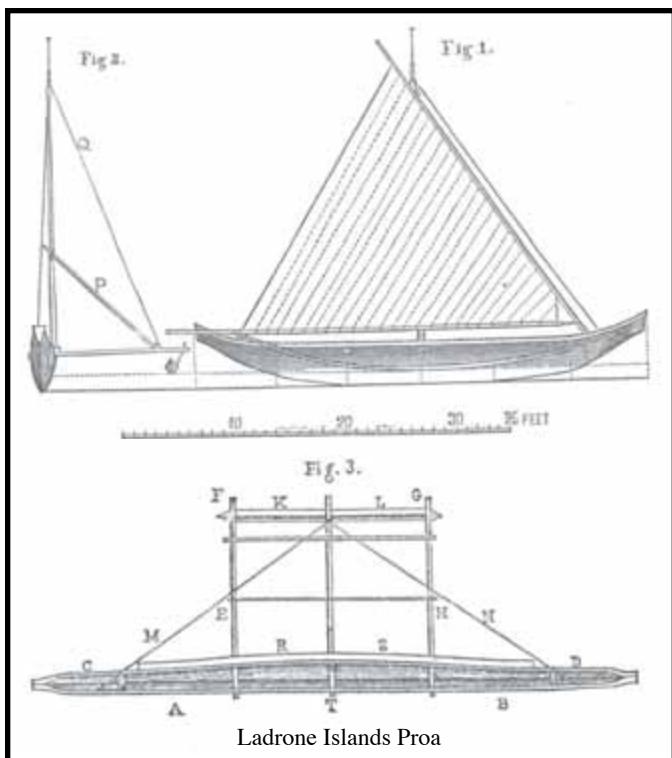


Catboat

adopt the savage expedient of sailing with either end first. The platform would be sufficiently high out of the water to be always dry, especially if protected by a low bulwark and should a sea be shipped the water would immediately run off without doing any harm. As to capsizing such a craft, there is no variety of wind known to the Weather Bureau or dreamed of by Professor Tice which could do it. Long before one tube could be sunk and the other lifted out of water, the sail would be blown to atoms and the mast carried away. If care were taken in the modeling of the tubes and in the proper rigging of the boat, there is no reason why she should not equal in speed the flying proa.

Double bouts, or catamarans, as our boat builders call them, have often been built in this country, but they have proved intolerably slow. The reason would be plain enough to a Ladrone Islander. In all cases two complete boat hulls have been used, instead of two half sections of a boat. It is apparent that in such a craft the distance between the hulls at the stem-post of each is much greater than it is at the beam. Hence, when the craft is in motion, the water between the two bows is compressed into a continually narrowing space until it reaches the beam, after which it passes astern without any further obstacle. Of course speed is out of the question in such a craft, since the faster it moves, the greater becomes the resistance offered by the wedge-shaped mass of water heaped up between the two bows. It is no wonder that catamarans built after this fashion have been unpopular; but what is utterly unaccountable is the fact that a distinguished English shipbuilder, who designed the twin steamer *Castalia*, committed the error of making the parallel hulls precisely like the hulls of ordinary steamers, and thus rendered it inevitable that the *Castalia* should be a slow boat in spite of her enormous engine power.

There is no man more conservative than the average boat builder, and it would doubtless outrage all the holier feelings of his nature to ask him to build a civilized modification of a flying proa. His aid, however, is not necessary at the outset, provided iron instead of wood is used as the material for the twin hulls. Of course there is a loss of buoyancy in using iron, but it has so many



advantages over wood that this one defect may be disregarded. Any moderately intelligent worker in iron, if provided with a small wooden model of the proposed hulls, could easily copy them in galvanized sheet iron.

The upper side of each hull should be flat, and at right angles to the flat or inner side, and a midship section of each hull should be very nearly a segment of a circle. If galvanized iron $1/32$ " in thickness is used, and each hull is 16' long, 18" wide on the upper side, and 18 deep on the flat side at its midship section, the two together, when in the water, will sustain in addition to their own weight, more than 3,000 pounds.

Placing these hulls five feet apart, and connecting them by four transverse beams, four inches square, we are ready to lay the deck planks, which should be as light as is consistent with strength. The deck should be semicircular in shape at the bow and stern and though it should reach nearly to the stern of each hull, it should leave about two feet of the forward end of each hull uncovered. This would make the deck eight feet wide at its widest part and about 13'6" in extreme length, and would furnish fully three times the available space for passengers which is furnished by a catboat 16' long.

High bulwarks would not only be unnecessary, but they would present too great a surface to the wind. At the bow bulwarks about a foot in height and flaring outward at an angle of, say, 70° with the deck, would be useful as protection against spray when beating to windward, but they should gradually decrease in height as they run aft to not over four inches, and should then increase again at the stern to nearly the same height as at the bow. A light rope, supported by stanchions, and running around the deck at the height of two feet, would be entirely sufficient to prevent unwary passengers from stepping overboard. The steadiness of the craft would permit the use of camp chairs as seats and these would have the further advantage of being movable whenever the weight of the passengers should be needed on the windward side in order to trim the boat.

Of course the simplest way in which to rig the craft would be to copy the rig of the catboat. But the graceful lateen sail, which would be dangerous if used on an ordinary sailboat, would be perfectly all right when used on a boat which no amount of carelessness can capsize. In order to ensure plenty of headroom on deck the sail would have to be narrower in proportion to its length than is the lateen of the Mediterranean and would thus approach somewhat to the pattern of the sail of a Feejee double canoe. If the lateen rig is adopted, the mast would be stepped further aft than is necessary where the cat rig is used. It must be conceded that the chief recommendation of the lateen sail is its picturesque appearance and that for all practical purposes the boom-and-gaff sail used by all our fore-and-aft vessels is decidedly superior. Two rudders would be needed, but the two could easily be connected with a single tiller. Undoubtedly the boat could be more easily steered with a long oar than with rudders, but in that case the helmsman would lose half the pleasure of steering.

The builder of such a craft must be prepared to meet the gibes of conserva-

tive mariners and small boys, who will at first denounce it as a ludicrously ugly affair. There is no reason, however, why it should be ugly, provided the builder does not commit the mistake of trying to make it resemble the conventional sailboat. Let him conceive of the deck as a floating seashell and shape the curve of his bulwarks in accordance with this idea. The lateen rigged proa is far prettier than the catboat.

The advantages of the modified proa are not limited to its speed and safety. It needs no ballast. Its deck is so spacious that its passengers need never suffer from the misery which is entailed by sitting for hours under a hot sun in the confined space of a catboat's cockpit. At night the proa can be anchored and a tent pitched on the deck under which the coolness and comfort that are sought in vain in the stateroom of a yacht can always be had. The deck and the connecting beams can be put together with bolts so that the craft can easily be taken apart and sent overland by railroad. As the proa is proof against any effort to capsize her, the sail can always be hoisted up so far above the deck as to enable the boom to clear the heads of the passengers. To counterbalance these advantages there is but a single fault. The craft would probably be slow in tacking and might occasionally need the aid of an oar to put her about. The rigger should bear this in mind when deciding upon the dimensions and pattern of the sail.

Of course, the proa is an outlandish craft, but she is safe and she is incomparably fast. She does not look like the conventional boat but costs only about half as much to build her. Can you cook, eat and sleep comfortably on board a 16' catboat? Or can you send her a hundred miles overland without paying her worth in freight? Yet with a sixteen foot proa you can do all these things and can, moreover, intrust her to a consummate theological student with the utmost confidence that she will resist all his efforts at drowning himself.



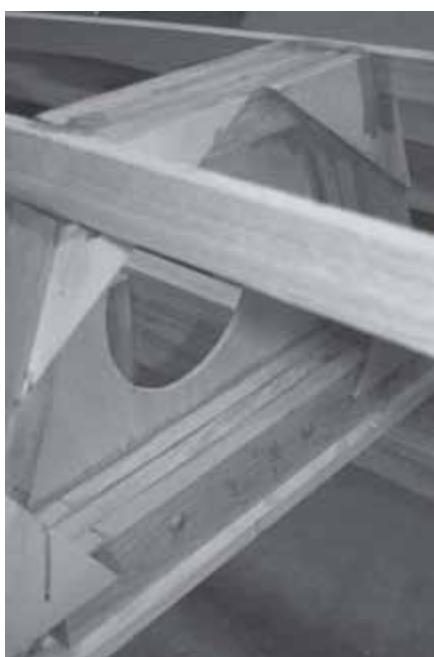


Finished and underway.



Bulkheads on strongback with bilge stringers glued.

Bulkheads 2, 4 (shown) and 5 made from four layers with through bolts topside. Note there is a sixth bulkhead due to the extra length.



Motor board supports) between bulkheads 4 and 5. All glued and bolted.



The end of one of the two 3"x3" beams each with three bolts into bulkheads 2 and 4 respectively running almost full width of boat .

Bridge deck sides angled forward (decorative only).



Bolger Fish Cat Modified

By Malcolm Fifer

My Problem: I had an existing 25hp four-stroke (tiller steering) which was much heavier and more powerful than the Fish Cat design specified.

The Solution: Lengthen both amas (hulls) by 3'; redesign motor board and strengthen underlying structure; scoop out aft of bridge deck to clear tiller.



Massive motor board bolted to right angle supports. These are bolted to mounts shown above (A and B) hence the access port. On the forward side bolts tie the board to the vertical struts (C) which run up the inside of each ama. This also shows the scooped out rear of bridge deck. The top edge support was laminated from four layers of $1/8$ " oak.



Port ama ready for turning (starboard ama in background).

Notes

All wood is white oak (except cleats which are hickory), all plywood marine (Boulder Plywood), all bolts galvanized. Glue is either Weldwood or Epoxy Resin (#EP5340 from Eager Plastics). Glass tape from Aircraft Spruce. Paint Industrial Alkyde (Sherwin Williams). Trailer is from Harbor Freight but extensively modified (launching ramp is less than a mile so minimal trailer quality is OK). Total cost \$1,800. Time spent six months evenings and weekends.

Any questions or for high resolution color photos Email me at: msfifer@bellsouth.net



Mike's New Take-A-Part Kayak

By Bob McAuley



Bulkhead supported with wooden corner blocks.



Gluing in the stringers.



Fitting meranti plywood sides.



Ready for leak testing.



Hull parts complete sans deck.

My son Mike has paddled my two-year-old wooden 13' Take-A-Part kayak and liked it. When we paddled together he would use it as he fit the 13' kayak better than my older, short 10-footer. I got relegated to the latter as it fit me better, but it required more paddling to achieve the same speed as the 13' one. Finally he realized that it was time to build his own. This would give me my 13' one back and save his old man thousands of strokes.

One of the unique features of our McAuley kayaks is that they fit piggyback comfortably inside my minivan for transport. My wife calls it my "Boat Mobile." They are stored there all year long except during hunting season.

Mike cut the keel or flat bottom out of $1/4$ " plywood last fall and cut the sides out of $1/8$ " meranti plywood. He purposely cut them on the diagonal to give almost 9' sides out of an 8' length of plywood. This makes the bow section 9' long and the stern 4' long. He used the stitch and tape method thanks to Dynamite Payson.

I suggested building it with more "rocker" than my Take-A-Part and he did just that. Maybe too much. My 13' Take-A-Part is slow to turn and requires much paddling both forward and backward to convince it to turn. His floated with the bow 1" out of the water during leak tests with the deck plywood off. Oh, it's got "rocker." He found that it had two leaks that he addressed and finally he finished it with the multiple rows of brass wood screws securing the deck panel edges. It looks neat. His kayak is wider than mine and accommodates his larger frame and weight much better.

We tested it again at the local pond and the leaks were gone but the bow still stuck out



Leak test... it leaked!

of the water by that nasty inch. That wouldn't do. We installed a 7lb old bottle anchor under the foredeck, and success! The bow dropped down and now tracks like it should, straight. Even with the bow now down, it still turns quicker than mine.



Varnishing the foredeck.

Varnish drying in the sun.



On June 29 we loaded both kayaks and headed for Salt Creek, 19 minutes away. The evening temperature was 70 degrees and this would be our first evening paddle with his new kayak. It was a calm evening with the setting sun throwing tree shadows across the brown colored water. He put in at 6:15pm. I shot photos from the bank and the new kayak looked just natural setting on an even keel with the help of that 7lb weight. I put down the camera and joined him minutes later.

We leisurely paddled against the weak summer current. It was good to be back in my own easily paddled kayak again. It was good to see Mike's craft cutting neat vees in the cottonseed covered mirror smooth darkening waters. It was good to see that look of satisfaction on Mike's face after all those winter evenings spent creating a craft of living beauty. Now it carried him smoothly upstream with every stroke.

The woods were quiet and all was peaceful. I spotted that ever-hungry white egret feeding ahead about a block away and readied my camera. Suddenly our quiet pad-

dle was interrupted by an aluminum canoe paddled past by a couple who said, "hi," but breezed on by. They scared my hungry egret. I wanted to get his picture.

We paddled up to the island and split up, I taking the shallow left side and Mike taking the narrow fast-water right side. He did manage to retrieve another Callaway golf ball from the creek bottom. This creek contains thousands of golf balls from the golf course just to the north. I imagine the local fish could play "pool" with all those balls to push around!



Leak test, note bottom an inch above water at the bow, not good.

We joined up at the north end of the island and continued up until we came to another storm-dropped strainer. Coming back down the creek that couple in the metal canoe said hello again and they commented on our wooden rustic kayaks. He preferred his metal canoe so that he could drag it over rocks and not have to fix leaks. That said, they hurried off downstream. What's the hurry? We still had an hour before sunset.

My shoulders told me it was time to turn around so, we rotated my rotator and

drifted back downstream. On the way we spooked a doe and her spotted fawn. A hundred yards later we came upon a hungry raccoon patrolling the creek bank in search of a tasty crawdad meal. The creek is cleaner than 20 years ago.

When we reached the "take out" about sundown, Mike let me try his new kayak. It does 360s much quicker than mine. He's got a winner. Me, I got a winner in Mike!

Keep Paddlin...



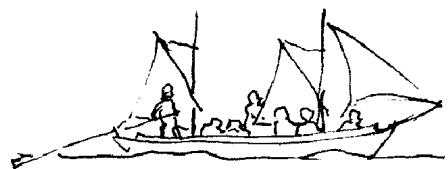
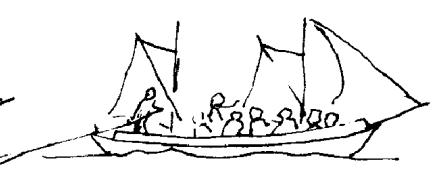
Evening paddle on Salt Creek, 7lb weight in bow dropped it to waterline.

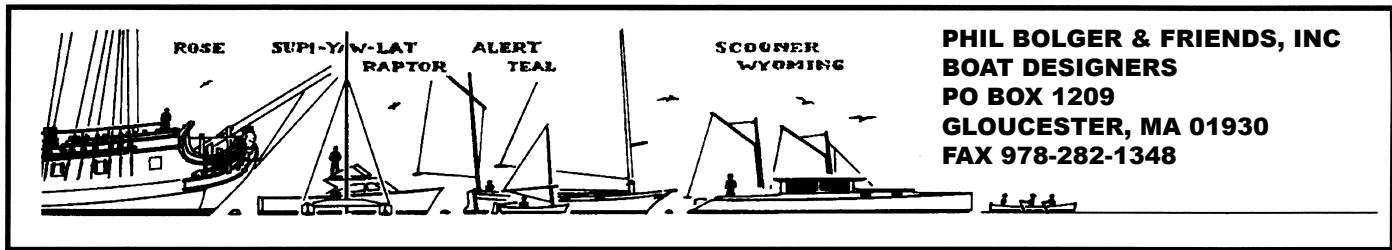


Pictures from Buffalo!

By Dave Lucas

What excitement makes your heart beat a little faster? Jim Kelly, currently of Cortez, Florida, previously of Buffalo, New York, made a quick trip there and did a survey of Roger Allen's Buffalo Marine Center. It's still in its old digs for now but hopefully will be moving into a new facility soon. Rahj is having fun "working" with the bureaucracy there, as usual. Here are some of the boats, including him standing next to Cortez Melon #1 which may be finished in this lifetime. Thanks for the pictures, Jim, and I can tell you spent a lifetime in the freezing northland and it's affected your thinking (he's rebuilding an old Lyman with a thousand old frames).





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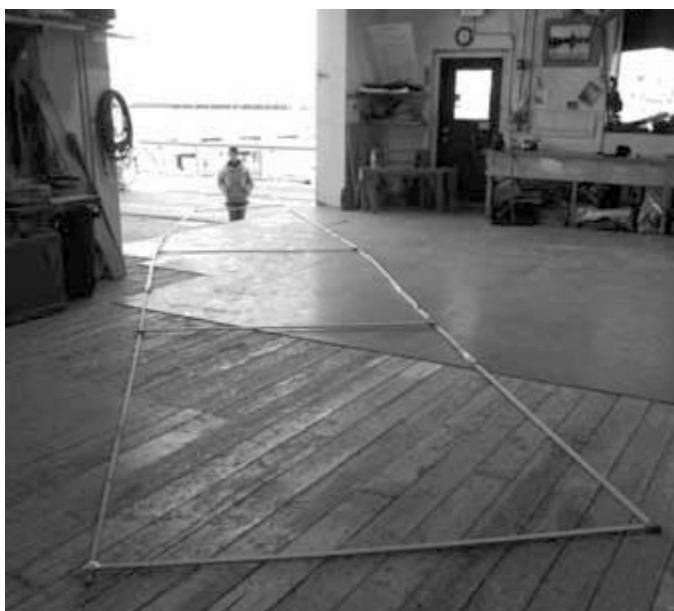
Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

“SACPAS-3” (LCP)

Design #681: 38'10" x 7'6" x 12" x 200hp
 Second in a Series of Articles



Picture 1



Picture 2

Picture 3



After the extensive introduction to the Project in the last issue, there will be much less to read from now on. Pictures will describe the progress with a few comments added to introduce and narrate the various construction stages. But first this...

It goes without saying that this is not what we normally do. We design boats. We do not routinely build boats. But three funding sources; USN, State, City had already been pulled together. And a good rapport with the Project's host, Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center, developed into a solid working relationship. Still, venturing to build for this set of clients and funders would have been a bit much “on an empty stomach” had it not been for their explicit interest in the focus and spirit of the project and thus abundant good will. This was a unique opportunity. It better be successful!

After contacting the high school's vocational technical department, a non-profit “do good” agency deeply involved in building first and second chances for folks with difficult lives, and talking to a number of folks with insights on the local labor market, a list of recommended candidates for the building crew emerged. The Project started with three Gloucester residents, a number dictated by one major funding mechanism under the heading of “Green Collar” job creation plus the Project Manager, PB&F. Designated foreman Jose (26) had been in the (home) construction business for years, while Sarah (23) had an extended background in working on small boat building projects and aboard yachts and a tall ship, with Matt (18) just out of high school, a son of a fisherman with some experience rebuilding part of his dad's boat. This mix of folks certainly sounded promising. (See Picture 1)

The shop, a former shipyard ice house right on the harbor, seemed big enough for task at over 50' x 22' x 15' with good light and heat. The challenge was that the good-sized sliding doors measuring 15' x 12' were in the sidewall, so would we get the completed project out? Building a wobbly but instructive “footprint” of the hull to move out through the doors assured us of the plausibility of sliding the boat out these doors, odd angle and all, forward and backwards. We decided to on a “bow-to-the-harbor” orientation greeting crew and visitors every day. (See Picture 2)

We started with a thorough two-hour introduction to the Project's history so far, its projected schedule, necessary procedures and skill-sets and anticipated hazards including, for instance, a reading of the “Hazardous Materials Sheet” for the epoxy we'd use. The first delivery of materials, mostly 2-bys to build four working tables, one smaller fiberglass cloth roll gantry and the two larger gantries with three hand winches on each to lift and move sideways and fore and aft smaller and full hull-length panels, a vital capability without which this project would not have been doable. Tables and gantries would be moved around a lot during the construction stages to match our ever changing needs of working surfaces versus available floor space. As it turned out soon enough, even this good-sized shop would not seem big enough for this Project without some pushing and shoving. (See Pictures 3, 4, 5, 6)

As a team building exercise introducing the basics of plywood and epoxy construction along with the joys and pains of fiberglass work, the importance of reading plans correctly etc, the team was tasked to study Dynamite Payson's assembly narrative on our Design #310, Teal. Building this 12' double-ended rowing and sailing skiff of two sheets of 3/8" ply, some 2-bys ripped to sticks etc, seemed a good first project. Adding foam was good practice for the big boat and added safety for this hull. (See Pictures 7, 8)

Next we'd get into building the big boat, with a rather unexpected component to be built first.

PS: LCP is Navy talk for “Landing Craft Personnel” assuming they will like this type.



Picture 4

Picture 5



Picture 6



Above: Picture 7

Below: Picture 8



It may sound extravagant, but our Eastport Pram, *Due South*, has no fewer than four painters secured to her periphery when we cruise in our Shearwater yawl, *True North*. Everyone understands why we have a bow painter. *Due South* would be utterly undressed without a towline. A stern painter is handy, too, for tying up to a pier stern first when we go ashore, nothing unusual about that. Safety is not compromised should it fall into the water because our dinghy does not have an outboard motor waiting for a chance to wrap an errant line on its propeller.

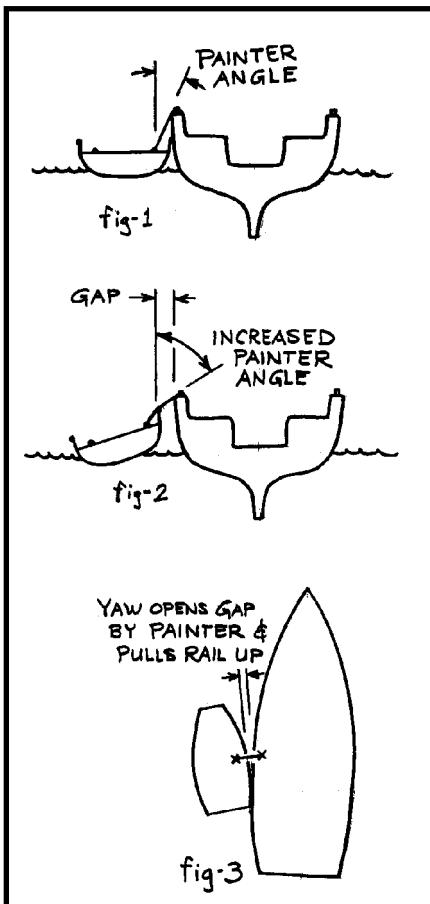
It is our 6' painters secured to each end of the rowing thwart that I will tout here. They have proven to be the key for safe and secure boarding, whether from our cruising vessel or from a pier. At age 70+ neither Gayle nor I are as limber as we once were, not even close. Reaching for the opposite gunwale while transferring weight to a foot placed judiciously at the center of the dinghy's sole when boarding from the elevation of our Shearwater's cockpit is not possible. Yet Gayle, who came to the pleasures of cruising just a few short years ago, is easily able to transfer between pram and Shearwater with complete confidence.

When *Due South* is brought alongside, the nearest beam painter is drawn taut and made fast to a cleat atop *True North*'s cockpit coaming or with half hitches 'round the gallows. That's it, no other line need be secured for a more stable mooring. Gayle may then step down into the dinghy or onto the rowing thwart for an intermediate step, using *True North*'s gallows and cockpit coaming for handholds with complete assurance that *Due South* will neither roll down by the rail nor scoot away with one foot still in *True North*'s cockpit! In fact, the painter's angle off vertical (Fig 1), coupled with Gayle's weight in the near side of the dinghy serve to tug the dinghy more firmly against *True North*'s topsides. Then, stepping to the center of the dinghy's sole with her other foot, she reaches for the rails and moves to her seat so that I may follow.

The hull section (Fig 2) illustrates how the beam painter would pull the dinghy's rail upward were it to move away from the mother ship. Of course, the off center weight of the person entering or exiting certainly prevents that from happening. Furthermore, the angle away from vertical that the painter describes between dinghy thwart and cockpit coaming insures that our weight will force *Due South*'s padded gunwale firmly against *True North*'s topsides. This angle should be significant, but fairly acute, simply because the greater force

Four Painters for a Dinghy?

By "Moby Nick" Scheur



exerted on the painter is the crew's weight acting downward with the inward force of the dinghy's rail pressing against the mother vessel's hull being much less.

The plan view (Fig 3) illustrates why bow and stern lines are not needed to secure the dinghy for boarding. Were the dinghy to somehow yaw, the beam painter would tug it back parallel to the mother vessel all by itself, simply because the yaw position would also pull the dinghy's rail upward.

At the top right of the photo you can see our dog, Ginger, earnestly contemplating her turn while Gayle takes her initial step into the pram. Ginger is not the sort of dog who swims for fun.

Our CLC Eastport Pram has a bulkhead supporting the rowing thwart which is configured in such a way that it keeps our beam painter's knotted loop several inches inboard of the gunwale. This is important for establishing the acute angle off vertical mentioned above. Other dinghy designs would undoubtedly need some other means for accomplishing this detail, perhaps with cleats or fairlead eyes under the rowing thwart, or on top if the thwart constitutes a flotation chamber.

Boats having cockpits more elevated than ours would very likely employ a boarding ladder for accessing a dinghy, making the question of stability even more important. Even with a permanent boarding ladder on a cruising vessel's stern the dinghy can quickly and easily be made fast with the beam painter leading to one of upper rungs of the ladder. The same geometry works alongside a pier, provided the pier is higher than the dinghy's rail.

All of these painters are braided polypropylene so they float. We don't like to tempt fate with lines in the water that won't float. Faire winds, y'awl.



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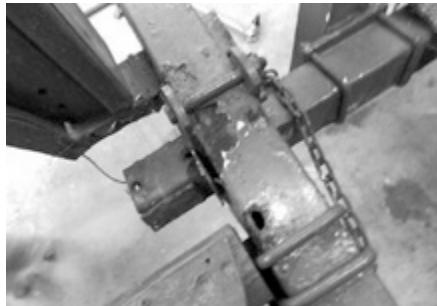
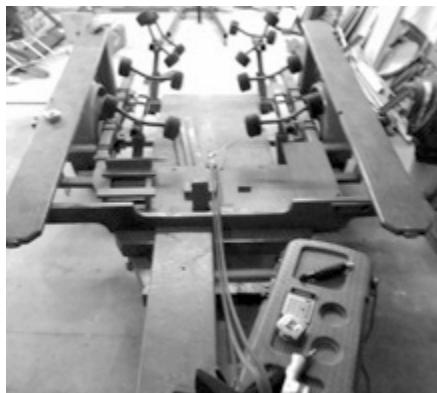
Death of a Trailer

By Dan Rogers

Can I reasonably call a pile of steel tubes, wooden planks, rubber tires and assorted bolts a "friend?" It's stretching the limits of anthropomorphism, I suppose. But, doggone it, *Quiet Quigley* has followed me around all those miles. Gone everywhere I've gone. Usually I lead. Sometimes, I follow. He does just about all the heavy work. I take most of the credit. Maybe that's no way to treat such a good friend. And, now I find out he's sick. Real sick. Sure, he's had his share of cuts and bruises. Like all of us. I was always able to make it OK. Even the big things. I was always able to figure it out. But now his back is broke.

I've fretted about this for some time. I was pretty sure I knew. But, when it's a friend who's hurt bad; still you hope that it's gonna be alright. Even when you know it's not gonna be alright. Not, this time.

I rode him hard, put him away wet. I asked him to carry too much. I did it to him. Somehow, he carried on. He's been sick for a long time. And now his back is broke. So is my heart. And, I can't fix it. Not, this time.



It's OK, Dan

Although I can't really feel your pain, I think your trailer did his best for way longer than a trailer should be expected to. Life expectancy for a boat trailer is geared by the number of trips, miles, potholes, salt water and boats it has to endure. In this world there are trailers that have lasted longer than your heroic broken beast but they have spent the majority of their lives inside a two-car garage! They have not seen the world, the lakes, the oceans, the salt and the fresh waters. Your trailer has led the ideal life; a life of usefulness, hard work and adventure. Now is the time to thank it profusely, kiss it goodbye and take it to the Old Trailers Home where it can regale the less-traveled wrecks with tales of your adventures together. So, get over it, Dan, you sentimental slob. Get a new trailer if you intend to keep moving boats around.

Annie Holmes, San Diego, California

Not Enough Left

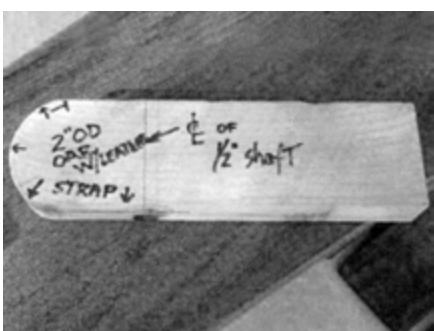
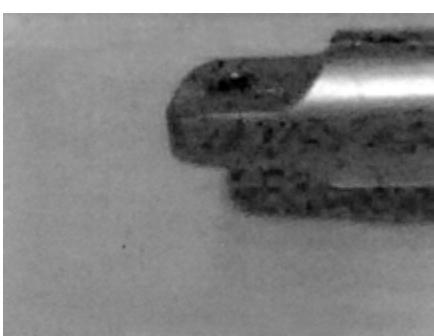
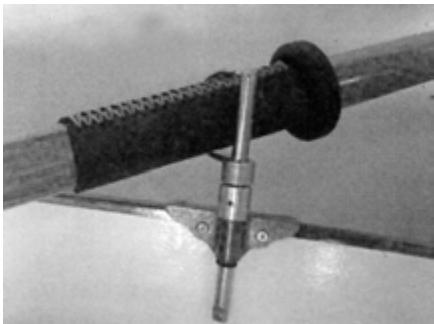
Actually, he's been on the operating table all day, donating organs to the successor. *Quiet Quigley* will live on in his winch, and tongue, and roller assemblies and tires and the new adventures yet to come. Probably no Old Trailers' Home. Not enough left to retire.



Almost Like it Might Have Been in 1959... Almost

By Dan Rogers





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Tom Fulk's Oarlock

(Revisited)

By Rob Ecker
Sheboygan Wisconsin
robecker@charter.net

In the fall of 2009 I completed a Joel White 16' Shearwater pulling boat that also included a centerboard and lugsail adaptation in the plan. I have built three kayaks and wanted a rowing option and the sail potential, I thought, might be a bonus. I've rowed the boat since '09 and, in trying to commit to the sail plan, I was troubled by the statement in the *WoodenBoat Small Boats 2000* edition that stated, "Shearwater might well be the best all around pulling boat at the *WoodenBoat* waterfront, at least she was before we installed the centerboard trunk." Ouch!

Procrastination was a friend, I think. The resolution now is to row Shearwater only and commit instead to a PDRacer for sailing fun. *MAIB*, the Lake Pepin Messabout and other resources have been the inspiration for my taking this direction.

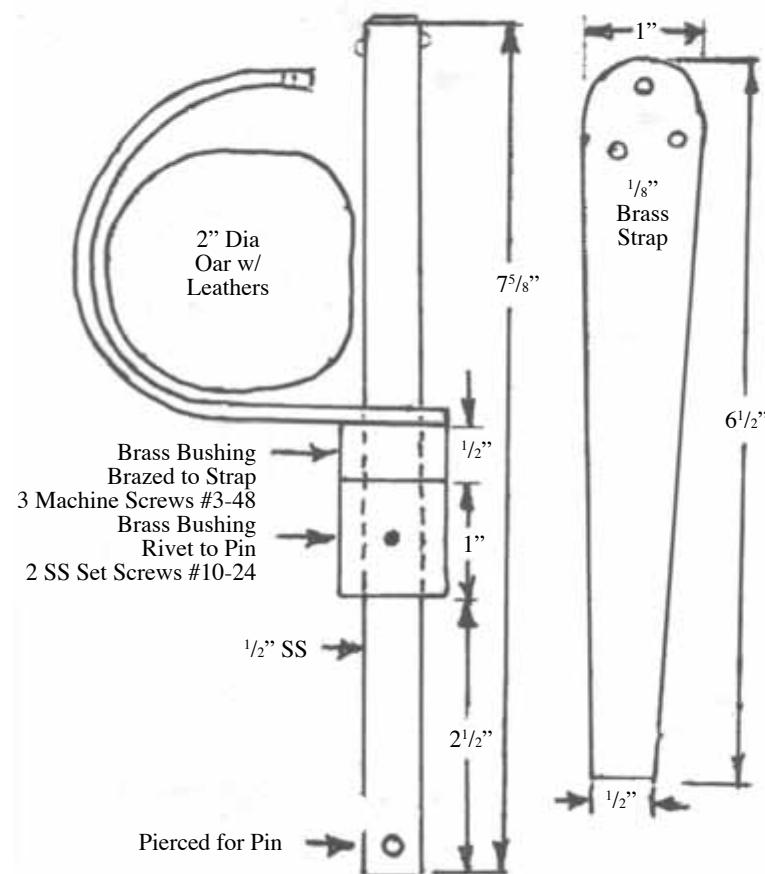
Returning to the Shearwater: I did improve the suggested open yoke oarlock

design by using Tom Fulk's *MAIB* article from October 2009, "More on Oar Locks & Open Water Rowing." I was impressed with his design and, as I row Lake Michigan off of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, the additional wave top clearance his design allows was desirable. My locks are edge socket mounts so I narrowed the ends of the pins and pierced them for insertion of a small clip ring to secure the pin from coming out. I also found that using an O-ring on the pin works, too.

Other modifications we, my semi retired tool and die maker friend Bill Mittelstadt and I, made was to use three #3-48 machine screws to attach the strap to the top bushing instead of brazing. This makes replacing or altering easier. We also used two $\frac{1}{4}$ " stainless steel set screws #10-24 with matching $\frac{5}{32}$ " dimples in the pin to secure the lower brass bushing to the pin. This allows for easier disassembly and possible alternative height positions with the insertion of spacers between the bushings and additional dimples in the pin.

I have found the design to be excellent, my trial run was a 1½-mile row out to a local sailing buoy on a calm day. My only mistake, flies also love calm days on Lake Michigan. I was able to evaluate emergency rowing as well. My thanks to Tom Fulk and *MAIB* for continued inspiration.

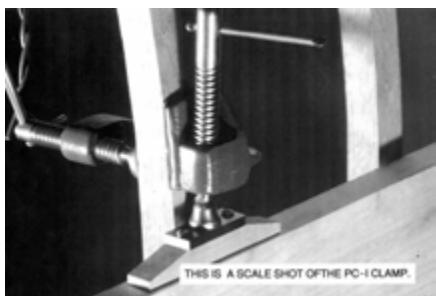
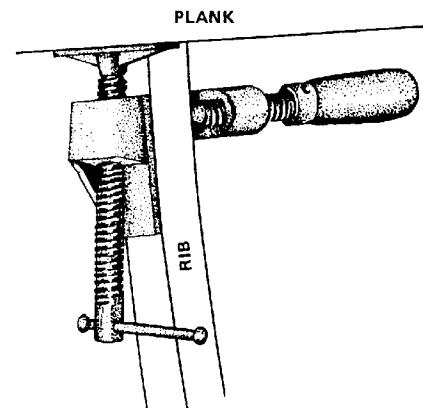
Improved Single Pin Oarlock



Tom Fulk

Planking Clamps

By Rick Conant



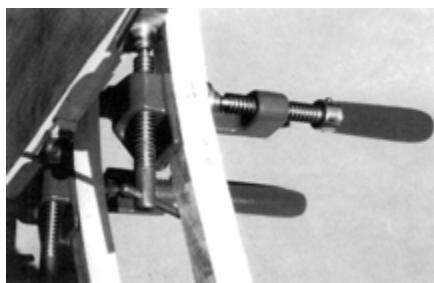
There are several ways to carvel plank a boat and several specialized tools for doing so. After spiling, getting out the plank and 'backing out' (or hollowing and rounding), the new plank is clamped in place with C-clamps. It must also be pushed up against the previous stave so that a tight seam is formed on the inside of the planking. This is often done by the amateur and professional builder with a series of blocks and wedges and additional C-clamps. The wedges can slip out, especially when driving boat nails. At any rate, it means making wedges, handling blocks and using more C-clamps.

In past years, when wooden boat construction was a commonplace occurrence, various devices were developed to speed the planking process. One of the most useful was a clamp similar to the one I manufacture. It was readily available up through the second world war, but as far as I know has not been available since. With the continuing interest in wooden boat construction I felt that it would be helpful to offer it again.

As can be seen in the drawing, the tool clamps onto the rib directly under the new plank (or above if working on the lower strakes). The foot of the jack screw is run up to the edge of the new plank, and the plank is edge set into place.

Since building most boats will generally require working on a convex surface, I've made the jack screw come in at a slight angle. This means that not only will it conform to the shape of the boat, the screw will also tend to force the plank in against the rib. Though the drawing doesn't show it, we still have to use a C-clamp to hold the plank while drilling and fastening it in place.

I've found that three or more of these clamps greatly speed up planking. One clamp is helpful, but I recommend the use of at least three for best results. This tool is especially useful for those working alone, but will also



be welcomed by the professional builder. Both will be able to get good tight seams with the help of this tool.

PC-1: This is our large Planking Clamp shown in the drawing and is designed for carvel planking boats from approximately 20' to 40' in length. It will fit ribs up to 2" and $5/8$ " planking and over. Material is ductile iron. Screws are large diameter acme threads. The swivel foot is $3\frac{1}{4}'' \times 2''$.



PC-1L: This clamp is similar to the PC-1 above. It was developed for those building and repairing mahogany speedboats with wide sawn frames. It is a PC-1, as described above, but lengthened (PC-1L) to fit frames from $1\frac{1}{2}''$ to 4" deep. With this greater depth it is also useful for setting heavy deck planking and for other tasks on larger craft.



PC-2: This Planking Clamp is a smaller version of the PC-1 and is intended for use on rowboats, dinghies and other small craft up to approximately 20'. It will fit ribs up to 1" and planking under $3/4$ ". Construction is similar to our PC-1 but scaled down for these smaller boats. The swivel foot is $1\frac{1}{2}'' \times 1\frac{1}{2}''$.



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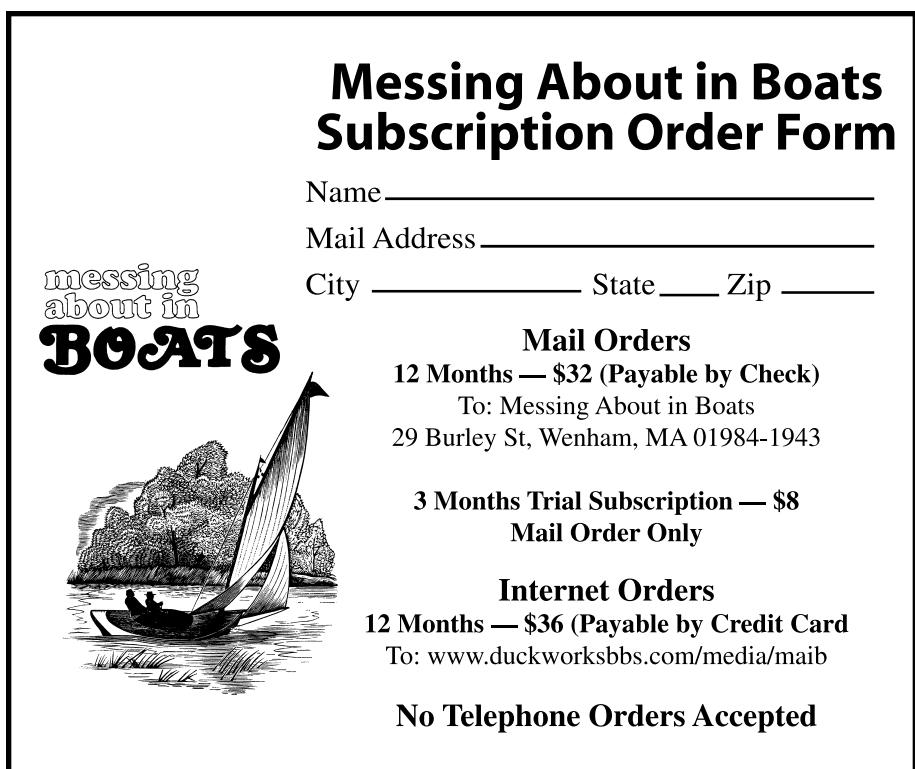
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For those of us in Florida, September is the month to keep an eye on the tropics for tropical storm and hurricane development. While a storm can start almost anywhere in the Caribbean or the mid-Atlantic, the June/July and October/November storms usually develop in the Bay of Campeche or south of Cuba. Thus, those of us along the Gulf Coast of Florida keep an eye on that area of the Caribbean at the beginning and end of the hurricane season. In September, almost the entire Atlantic and the Caribbean can be a place for storm development.

For our area of the Florida coastline (Apalachee Bay), Hurricane *Kate* (November, 1985) was the only one thus far to make landfall within the last 50 years and it came in as a major tropical storm/minor hurricane depending on whose reports one has read. In any event, our area was hit with heavy rain, strong winds, and power outages. The next major event was in June/July 1994 when tropical storms *Alberto* and *Beryl* produced heavy rain and a lot of inland flooding. Then there was *Dennis* in July 2005 and, while the land-

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From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew
(Tallahassee, Florida)

fall was not even close to our area, it sent a surge that put about 12'-13' of water over the coastline along Apalachee Bay, resulting in a lot of destroyed cars and damaged homes.

Special tools are sometimes needed for a project. The putty knife has a lot of uses besides smoothing over spackling, putty or other caulking. The problem with most putty knives is their size (too big). A nice alternative for small jobs or small areas is the palette knife used by artists painting with oils. This item is a thin, flexible piece of metal with a wood or plastic handle that can have a number of ends (round, flat, etc) of which one should be suitable for the job at hand. Of course, a variety of flat screwdrivers can also be used for such work (and sometimes is the easiest choice). What brought this to mind was the need to put spackling over some finish nail holes on a door project. My palette knives were stored away, so I found a flat screwdriver blade of the proper size and filled in the holes. It would have been easier with the more flexible palette knife, but the

screwdriver blade worked.

Considering special tools for unique projects, I needed to clean the faucet threads on some ground faucets that had been damaged. The local plumbing people wanted to come in and change out the faucets. But they are old, connected to PVC pipe, and the chance of breaking something (and upping the bill) was great. I remembered that the plumbers of my youth had a device to clean faucet threads and started looking. With the help of a Tai Chi member whose father had been a plumber, I found where I could purchase what is now called the universal outside thread chaser. The device has a selection of teeth that is matched to the thread (sort of like a metal die for cleaning bolt threads). Match the teeth to the thread and in a few minutes there are nice clean threads on the faucet to which a hose will connect and not leak.

I made a dumb move and mislaid the piece that holds my very nice aluminum hydraulic floor jack's handle receptacle in a "down" position when the jack is being stored. The place where the handle is inserted to use the jack has a very strong spring that for some reason holds the handle retainer in an upright position if the handle is removed. I need it in the flat position for storage. My temporary retainer was a piece of a clothes hanger as the diameter of the wire was just smaller than the holes in the jack to hold the clip. While looking for where I had left the clip, I contacted a couple of supply houses that sell the jack for a replacement clip to no avail. I keep some old clothes hangers for when some strong, stiff metal wire is needed. I also carry a piece on the boat for those "just in case" times when such is needed. Yes, the metal will rust in time but it is there when needed. I found the clip and the piece of coat hanger is back in storage for later use.

I have written in the past about the desirability of mid-ship cleats. Granted, they get in the way on some boats and can be a hazard when moving fore or aft while doing things. But they are just the ticket when tying a long boat to a short dock. My neighbor at Shell Point moved his 30' sailboat to a new location with deeper water. The new floating dock is about 10' long. There is boat sticking out at both ends and the bow and stern docking lines come back to the dock cleats. Since his boat does not have good, secure mid-ship cleats, we had to use the block for the jib as a securing point for the line needed to hold the boat close to the platform. This is not the best solution, but it is all he has at the moment.

As boats get older parts get older and there is a tendency for things to stop working properly. A friend is trying to find the problem with his Diesel. From the sounds being made, the solenoid is not throwing the starter gear forward to engage the crankshaft and spin the engine. He gets the "click click" of a dead or low battery even though he has checked the cables from the battery to the starter and the battery checks out when tested. If he takes off the starter, it spins fine and the solenoid moves as it should. Put everything back together and he gets the "click click." His next step will be to bypass the entire ignition system and see if the engine will spin. If it does, he will then wire in a push button switch up by the push button for the glow plugs. If the engine starts and runs, he will make the bypass permanent. The alternative is to dig through the wiring bundle to find the connection problem. Like most of us, he will go with the first option and be done with the current problem.

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Amongst the many famous people who messed about in boats is the French impressionist painter, Claude Monet (pictured here in a self portrait as a young man). Born in Paris in 1840, Monet was raised in the busy seaport of Le Havre, where the Seine empties into the English Channel. He grew up amid his family's business, supplying the shipping industry.

Monet's early sketches included meticulous depictions of small sailing craft. Some of his very early work found its subject matter in waterfront scenes and beachscapes.

As a young adult, Monet was drawn to the Seine, using it often as subject matter. He became enamored with painting water, since it allowed him to focus on capturing the quality of light and its reflections. This focus helped form his perceptive genius. He painted outdoors, directly from life, at a time when doing so was thought to be hare-brained.

Not only did he paint along riverbanks, he had a small studio boat built so that he could paint from the water. Powered by oars, he rowed to find an appropriate spot for a composition and then painted away, shaded from the direct sun and beyond questioning observers.

The studio boat may have been about 18' long, with an 8' beam. Inward tilting walls above the deck formed an enclosed workspace. The forward and stern ends of the cabin opened to provide an expansive view of the outdoors.

Famous People Who Messed About in Boats

By Ed Neal

(Reprinted from *C-Clamp*, newsletter of the Cleveland Amateur Boat Building Society)



Interest in boating skyrocketed at this time (late 1860s), following the international sensation caused by John MacGregor's book, *A Thousand Miles in a Rob Roy Canoe*. It

chronicled MacGregor's adventures paddling Europe in a 15', 80lb, oak lapstrake canoe. Monet's paintings captured this increased recreational use of the river; in sailboat races, crowds at waterfront boat liveries, or yachts tied up along the river's edge.

As Monet prospered, he added two sculls with varnished mahogany hulls to his fleet and a boat called a norvegienne, a 14' (approximate) rowing skiff with rounded bilge, flaring topsides and a high nosed prow, ending in a small, pram-like forward transom.

Monet's love of boating spread to his family. His two stepdaughters were practically brought up on the water and spent many happy hours on the river in the norvegienne. His son, Jean, along with a friend, became legendary oarsmen on the Seine, winning many regatta prizes and eventually earning the title of "Kings of the River."

So, next time you are in a museum and see a Monet painting that might have water in it, look a bit closer at the light on the water. You may feel a special kinship with a fellow messer who enjoyed the simple, yet wholly satisfying, pleasure of seeing the world from the waterborne side of the river.

(Inspiration for this article came from reading the highly illustrated book, *River of Light: Monet's Impressions of the Seine*, by Douglas Skeggs; Alfred Knopf, New York 1987).



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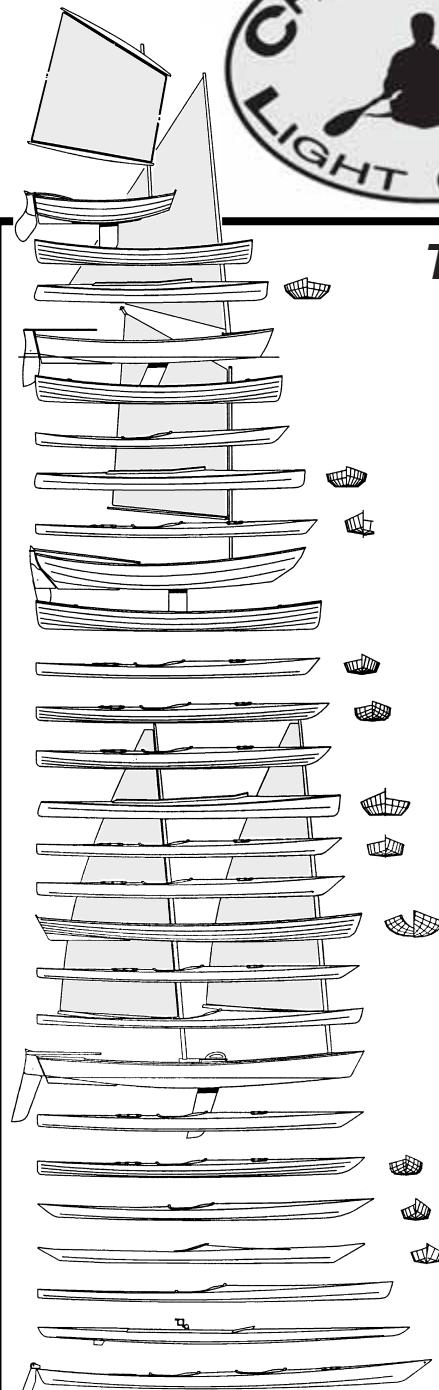
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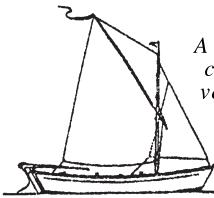
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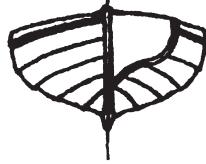
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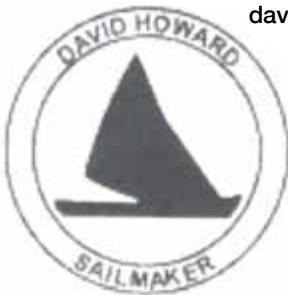
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'61 Wooden Celebrity Sloop, sail #443, in need of TLC. Cold-molded plywood boat used by Highwater Bronze in the late '90s to showcase their fabulous and unique bronze hardware. Many of the items are one-of-a-kind custom made to fit the boat. Custom made stem iron, traveler & rail guards as well as production "fish" cleats mounted to the deck. She has been sitting under tarps for the last 7 years in need of repairs to her tabernacle & mast after a mishap at St. Michael's town docks. Asking \$2,500 w/trlr (basically the cost of the hardware!). Located in Millville, NJ. Call for more details.

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11'2" Shell Back Dinghy, designed by Joel White. Light weight, grp shape. \$500. JIM DOOLEY, Marshfield, MA, (781) 834-2979. (9)



'08 23'6" Bolger Birdwatcher 2, w/'09 aluminum Road King trlr. Solent lug rig w/jib. Meranti Bs1088 plywood construction, Philippine mahogany framing, coke bottle green Lexan house, West System™ epoxy. Anchor, bumpers. Featured in May/June '11 issue of *Small Craft Advisor*. \$14,500. Pictures upon request.

REX PAYNE, Spring hill, FL, (317) 626-1973 (9)



'94 Helton Marine Solo 2, 17'x7'4"x2'. Modern concepts applied to a catboat; rotating reef/furl composite mast, winged ballast keel, running lights, Fortress anchor/tackle, '03 5hp 4-cycle Honda, '05 Hood sail, ss hdrwr, transom ladder, mast crutch, Venture galv trlr. \$4,850.

MACE BELL, Clinton, CT, (860)669-2177 (9)



Catboat Project, '74 Herrshoff America built at Nauset, MA. Needs rebuild. Sound hull, no trlr. \$1,500 obo. Located FL west coast.

GLEN OSOLFING, (727) 512-4245, ancloteriver@yahoo.com (9)

Alden Ocean Shell, 16' version, approximately '93. Single Oarmaster-1 drop-in unit w/Douglas Deltor carbon fiber composite oars. White hull w/green deck. In storage for many years, vy light use. A few light scratches otherwise in exc cond. Delivery possible within reasonable distance. \$1,500

CRAIG LEWIS, Enfield, NH, (603) 632-5930, craig.lewis@fleckandlewis.com (9)

O'Day 23 Sailboat, '84. 1 owner. W/cradle, Johnson 9.9 w/inboard controls, mainsail & 4 headsails, anchor & rode, porta-potti, sleeps 4. Vy gd cond inside & out. In water on Lake Sunapee, NH. Slip available for 2011 season at reduced rate.

CRAIG LEWIS, Enfield, NH, (603) 632-5930, craig.lewis@fleckandlewis.com (9)

Drascombe Lugger: 18'9", 1987 f/g yawl rigged open boat built in England, vy gd cond w/trlr, Shp Honda 4-stroke long shaft o/b, oars, 2 sets sails (1 set brand new) & other extras. Drascombe boats have a history of several ocean voyages. Located in Northern California. \$6,000 obo.

PETER SCHWIERZKE, Somerset, CA, (530) 626-8647, peter@klepperwest.com. (9)



23' O'Day Sloop, k/cb. roller furling, ca. '73 model. Bunks for 4 (5 friendly). Space forward for head/porta head. Small galley. Sailed on LI sound & ME coast. Cond of sails OK. Gd boat overall. Too big for my needs now. Has sitting headroom throughout ample cabins. \$1,000. Trlr available (new). 9.9 Evinrude available (35 hrs). \$1,500 ea. Package: Boat/Motor/Trailer: \$3,500. The trlr can be used to pick up and deliver the boat if not purchased. Central Maine (Skowhegan region).

DOC CASS, Wellington, ME, (207) 683-2435, dc.cass@gmail.com (9)

Wayfarer 16 Cruising Dinghy, made famous by Frank and Marget Dye. FG hull, wood deck & seats. Anodized tapered mast, anodized boom. Main, jib, spinnaker. In storage for 20 years. New trlr tires. Mfg. Blue Hulls Ltd. Hull #2784. \$2,000 obo.

TOM BANASZAK, Downers Grove, IL, (630)-781-1253, tombk7011@hotmail.com (9)

18' Alden FG Shell, 1 rowing station, pair of oars, rubber tired cart. \$1,500.

DAVE EVELETH, Unionville, CT, jeveleth@comcast.net (9)

20' Deep-V Formula Sportsman, Fisherman model, Mercruiser 250hp V-8, Merc I/O drive. Sleep 2 in large V-berth. Great boat, will go anywhere w/super duty 4-wheel tandem EZ Load trlr. \$5,995 obo. I have receipts for all work done on boat. **20' Triangle Sloop**, fg, sleeps 2 almost 5' headroom. 3 good sails, good rigging, all bronze hardware, toilet, sink, ice chest, counter, enclosed motor well. 1-1/2' draft. Good sailor. Needs TLC.

BENET MAINELLA, Barrington, RI, (401) 245-9017 (9)

Used Boats: 16' Crawford Sailing Dory, motor well, 9' oars, trlr. Vy clean. \$3,500. **Zuma**, late model like new. \$2,000. **Precision 185 Daysailer**, w/trlr. \$7,000. **14' Crestline Sportsman**, rebuilt Johnson 30, EZ Loader trlr. \$3,900.

FERNALD'S MARINE, Rte. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (9)

SAILS & RIGGINS FOR SALE

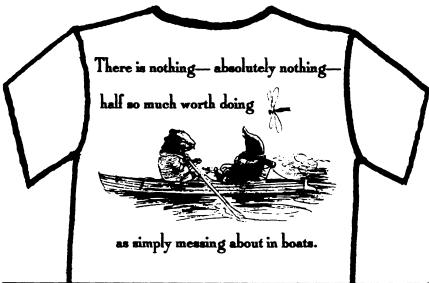
Cape Cod Catboat Gaff Rig, sail, boom & gaff (no mast) plus bronze hardware. Sail measures 15'9" foot, 8'8" luff, 12' head, 20'6" leach. \$300 for all. Best for local pickup but I will ship anywhere in lower 48 at your expense.

CHARLIE BALLOU, Wilmington, MA, (978) 657-8266, 9-5 wkdys (10)

GEAR FOR SALE

White Poly/Nylon Blend Fabric, 50" wide, good for small boat sails or other uses. \$3/yd, minimum 10yds. **Mooring Tackle**, 750lb w/new chain, line & pennant. Located Barrington, RI. \$450 obo.

BENET MAINELLA, Barrington, RI, (401) 245-9017 (9)

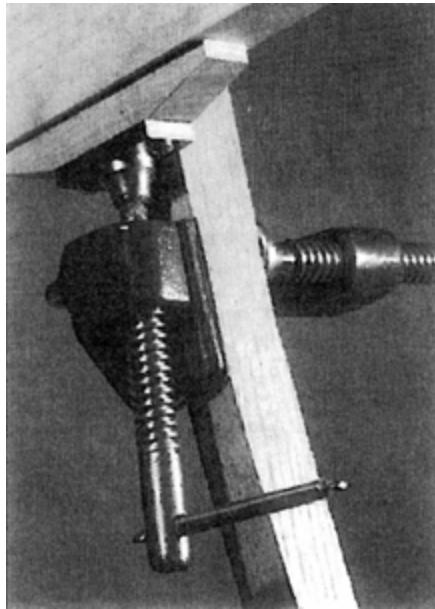


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 CONANT ENGINEERING, P.O. Box 498, Boothbay, ME 04537, (207) 633-3004, reconant41512Ca.roadrunner.com (12)

Vintage Acadia Marine Engine, Canadian made 4hp 2-cycle. \$500. Best for local pickup but I will ship anywhere in lower 48 at your expense. **Vintage Acadia Marine Engine**, Canadian made 8hp 2-cycle. \$800. Best for local pickup but I will ship anywhere in lower 48 at your expense. **Paragon Reverse Gear Marine Transmission**, universal type. \$100. Best for local pickup but I will ship anywhere in lower 48 at your expense. **Okoume Mahogany Marine Plywood**, made in Israel. 3-ply 1/8" x 4' x 8'. 2 sheets, new never used. \$20 ea. Local pickup only.

CHARLIE BALLOU, Wilmington, MA, (978) 657-8266, 9-5 wkdys (10)

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New Glen L Frame Kit, for 21' trailerable cb sloop. Incl plans, instructions & book on plywood boat building. \$300. Best for local pickup but I will ship anywhere in lower 48 at your expense. CHARLIE BALLOU, Wilmington, MA, (978) 657-8266, 9-5 wkdys (10)

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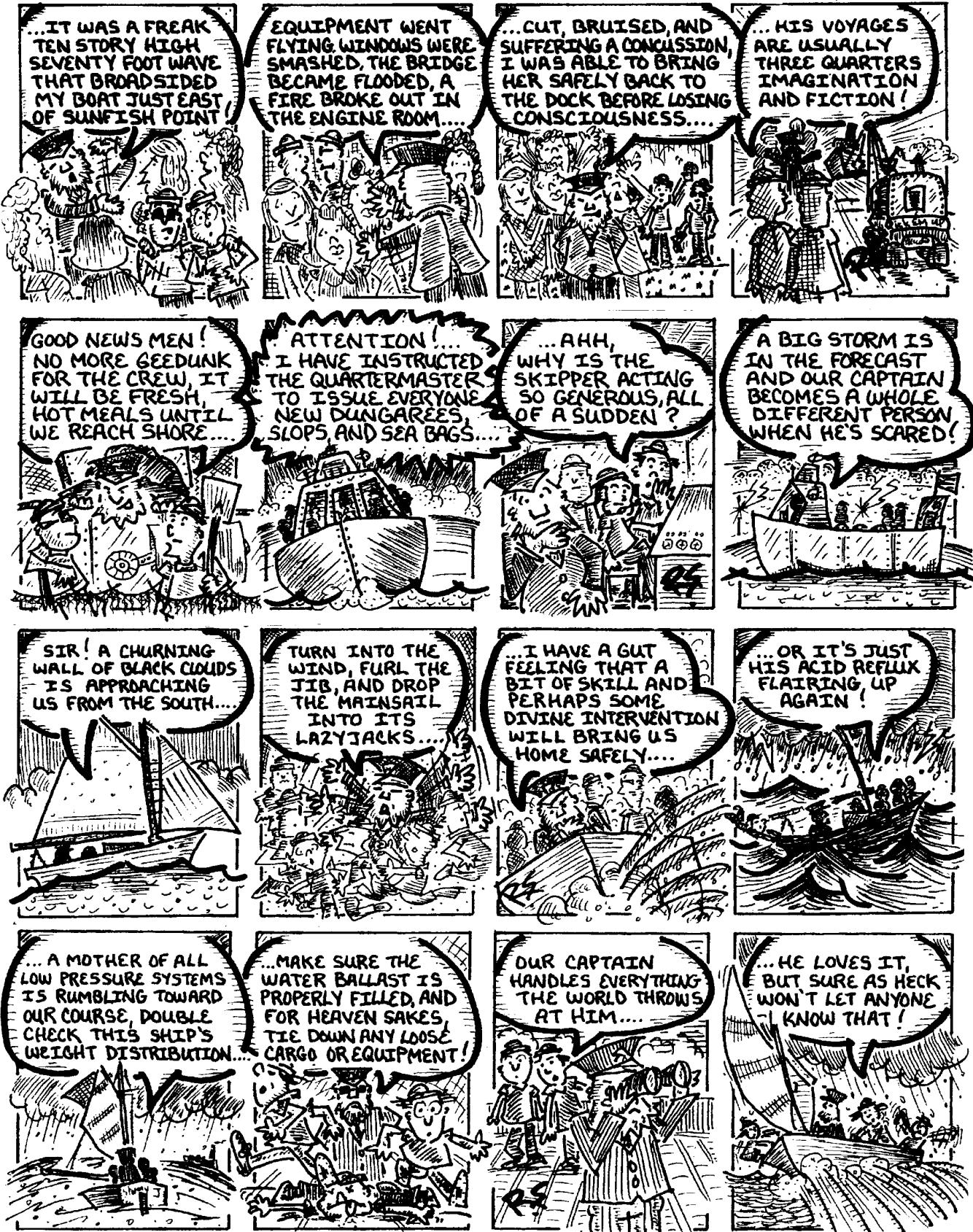
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Upcoming Shows

Sept 9-11 Port Townsend Wooden Boat Show **
Oct 6-10 US Sailboat Show, Annapolis MD
Oct 13-16 US Powerboat Show, Annapolis MD
Oct 21-23 Country Living Show, Atlanta GA **
Nov 11-14 Waterfowl Festival, Easton, MD

** Indicates On-Water demos

On the West Coast, if you are in an open-water race, you don't want the fellow in the first photo sliding up to you, saying, "So? Nice day for a race." He never lost the Port Townsend race. In some cases it wasn't even close. In other cases, shells were removed from the race due to severe conditions. (Back home, a 4" chop and 20 kt winds ain't severe conditions.) In the race sequence, all photos were taken in the same minute, 14:59, 11/6/06. It shows Sandy Goodall rowing away from the pack. Next to last, you see Sandy wishing he'd have a coronary. And lastly, taken the next year, Sandy is called to by a race official on a bullhorn: "Hey! There's a race going on?" To which Sandy said, "Yes, I know. I think I just won." Watch Sandy's head advance through the crowd on the shell. You can see the missing 10 photos if you will go to our website, www.adirondack-guide-boat.com/sandy.html. And they'll be big and in color.



On the East, or any coast, the guy you don't want sliding up to you with a smile is Paul Neil. Probably Sandy Goodall doesn't even want to meet Paul on the water. But he'd be game....Paul would be game....and you can be sure our batteries would be fresh. To honor Paul's achievements, we are naming our new 17-ft Carbon/Kevlar/Glass boat after him. The Paul Neil 17, designed by Steve Kaulback. We are using Paul's 17ft boat as the plug from which to cast the mold. The boat in the photos is a 15. We can't wait to see how Paul does against Paul and our stopwatch. Or Sandy vs. Sandy. That boat will land in 2012....maybe even sooner.